DOCTOR WHO

THE WRONG DOCTORS

BY MATT FITTON

BLUE DOCTOR (BLUE COAT, POST-EVELYN): COLIN BAKER
A mellow and considered Time Traveller

MOTLEY DOCTOR (POST-TRIAL, PRE-EVELYN): COLIN BAKER
A rather brash Time-Traveller

MEL (MEL A, POST-TRIAL): BONNIE LANGFORD
Experienced time-traveller

YOUNG MEL (MEL B, PRE-DOCTOR): BONNIE LANGFORD
Girl from Pease Pottage

STAPLETON PETHERBRIDGE
(M, 50s) Village chairman, pedantic Little-Englander – actually a Vortex 'Nix' occupying 18th Century tollkeeper (b1758 d1812)

JEDEDIAH THURWELL
(M, 20s) cheeky Sussex lad, career criminal (b1812 d1884)

MRS WILBERFORCE
(F, 60s) Busybody ex-postmistress (b1884 d1964)

VANEESH
(F, 20s) Mardak 'Invasion Facilitator', keen, rookie, full-of-herself

KALLAK
(M, 50s) Mardak Captain, experienced, seen-it-all

Others:
LORRY DRIVER (M, 50s), CONVICTS (INC. PETE, M, 50s), W I MEMBERS (INC. MILLICENT, F, 20s), PEASE POTTAGE RESIDENTS (INC FRANK, M, 50s), RIDER (M), MARDAKS

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES **PRODUCER:** DAVID RICHARDSON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY
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PART ONE

Scene 1: <u>INT. TARDIS, CONTROL ROOM</u>

(FX: B/G TARDIS IN FLIGHT)

(FX: DOCTOR ENTERS FROM INTERNAL DOOR)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(LICKING FINGERS) The final slice. And I must say, Evelyn, that sponge is one of your greatest- (BREAKS OFF, REALISING HE'S ALONE) triumphs… Ah. (BEAT, SADLY) The last piece of chocolate cake… and nobody to bake any more…

(FX: WALKS TO CONSOLE, PRESSES CONTROLS)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(MOROSE) 'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits-' (BREAKS OFF)

Exit Dr Smythe. Oh, Evelyn.

'They have their exits… and their entrances…'

(BEAT, COMES TO DECISION) It's time, I think. Time for Pease Pottage. Time for Miss Melanie Bush.

(FX: DEMATERIALISATION)

BLUE DOCTOR:
'And one man in his time plays many parts…'

FADE TO:

Scene 2: <u>INT. PEASE POTTAGE VILLAGE HALL</u>

PETHERBRIDGE:
(FX: CLAPPING HANDS) From the beginning, everybody, if you'd be so kind?

(FX: SHORT PIANO INTRO, PAUSE)

PETHERBRIDGE:
(CALLING) Master Thurwell? That was your cue.

YOUNG MEL:
(CALLING FROM BACKSTAGE) He's not here, Mr Petherbridge.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Thank you, Melanie. Very well. I'll have words with that boy about his timekeeping.

Let us press on without him. Mrs Wilberforce, if you wouldn't mind. From the top.

(FX: SHORT PIANO INTRO)

At this point Master Thurwell will enter, with his band of brigands, and perform their part in proceedings.

(FX: SHORT PIANO OUTRO)

Then Mrs Wilberforce and the stout ladies of the W I. will give their demonstration.

WILBERFORCE:
Not so much of the stout, Mr Petherbridge.

PETHERBRIDGE:
I do of course use it in the strong and steadfast sense. Though after your Victoria sponge, Muriel, the other meaning will apply to the rest of us.

WILBERFORCE:
(LAUGHING) Oh, Mr Petherbridge…

PETHERBRIDGE:
Miss Bush takes the stage.

(FX: SHORT PIANO INTRO, YOUNG MEL WALKING ON STAGE)

And cue Melanie-

YOUNG MEL:
(RECITING) Pease Pottage hot, Pease Pottage cold.
Pease Pottage in the pot, nine days old.

Some like it hot-

(FX: NOISY LORRY REVVING OUTSIDE)

YOUNG MEL:
(STRUGGLING ON OVER NOISE) Some like it cold.
Some like it in the pot-

PETHERBRIDGE:
No, no, no. This is no good. No good at all. (FX: THROWS DOWN PAPERS) Excuse me, ladies. (FX: WALKS OFF THROUGH DOORS)

Scene 3: <u>EXT. OUTSIDE VILLAGE HALL</u>

(FX: LORRY REVVING – REVERSING BEEP)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Hello? Hello? I say in there. Didn't you see the signs? Pease Pottage is closed to traffic.

LORRY DRIVER:
(CALLING DOWN FROM CAB) It's ridiculous. You lot can't do this.

PETHERBRIDGE:
There is a Heritage event. The village has diversions in place. In any case, this is a cul de sac.

LORRY DRIVER:
I know that now. What are you lot up to? Those ain't official signs back there.

PETHERBRIDGE:
You were supposed to turn off at the roundabout.

LORRY DRIVER:
Why are the services closed? You can't shut down the A23… It's miles out of me way up the A264.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Then I suggest you backtrack and take the London Road to Cuckfield and Bolney.

LORRY DRIVER:
Down those country lanes? It's hard enough turning this thing around here…

PETHERBRIDGE:
The road less travelled can make all the difference… And it is the traditional route.

LORRY DRIVER:
Look. I pay my taxes to Maggie like everyone else. I've every right to drive down here. Hoity-toity old busybodies… You just don't want the likes of me messing up your-

(FX: DINOSAUR ROAR AND CHARGING FOOTFALL)

LORRY DRIVER:
'Ere. What was that?

(FX: DINOSAUR ROAR AND CHARGING FOOTFALL – MUCH CLOSER)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Alternatively, you could rejoin the main road at Handcross…

(FX: ROAR AND CLANG AS DINOSAUR ATTACKS LORRY)

Ah. I suspect it's all rather academic now…

LORRY DRIVER:
What the hell's that? A monster? Help me! Get it away… It can't be…

(FX: LORRY BEING MANGLED, SCREAM OF DRIVER)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Iguanodon, I believe. Early Cretacious. It's actually a herbivore. Still, very territorial.

(FX: DINOSAUR ROAR AND CHARGING FOOTFALL)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Oh, there's another one.

(FX: LORRY BEING MANGLED, SCREAM OF DRIVER)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Really. They never think of the effect on the environment. Someone's going to have to clear that up.

Scene 4: <u>INT. PEASE POTTAGE VILLAGE HALL</u>

(FX: LORRY MANGLING OFF, DOORS OPEN BRIEFLY LETTING IN NOISE, PETHERBRIDGE ENTERS)

WILBERFORCE:
Everything all right, Mr Petherbridge?

PETHERBRIDGE:
Yes, Mrs Wilberforce. Another of those monstrosities.

WILBERFORCE:
They think they own the roads. Coming though here, with their sixteen-wheels… If I'd been here when they built that motorway, I'd certainly have had something to say!

(FX: NOISES OUTSIDE STOP)

PETHERBRIDGE:
That's better. Now, Melanie. Where were we, my dear?

(FX: SHORT PIANO INTRO)

YOUNG MEL:
Pease Pottage hot, Pease Pottage cold. Pease Pottage in the pot eight days old…

MUSIC SEGUE TO:

Scene 5: <u>EXT. DOWNVIEW CRESCENT, PEASE POTTAGE</u>

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISATION, DOOR UNLOCKS)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(EXITING TARDIS) Here we are, Mel. Pease Pottage, West Sussex. Late nineteen-eighties. Your proper place in space and time.

MEL:
(EXITING TARDIS) Pease Pottage? But Doctor-

(FX: DOCTOR AND MEL WALKING BRISKLY THROUGH FOLLOWING)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Hush! Melanie. Not another word.

MEL:
(RUSHING TO CATCH UP) But I don't think Pease Pottage is-

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(REACTS, INTERRUPTING) Shhh!

MEL:
We weren't in Pease Pottage when-

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(REACTS, INTERRUPTING) Please Mel. I've already seen far too much of my own future. My people take a very dim view. I don't want to exit one trial just to be hauled in front of another!

MEL:
Can't we just carry on? Pick up where we left off?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
That's the problem. <u>I</u> am not where you left off. <u>I</u> haven't even met you yet. Somewhere out there's a future version of me with whom you should be travelling.

MEL:
That's what I'm trying to tell you – he'll be waiting on [Oxyveguramosa]-

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(REACTS, INTERRUPTING) Shh! Not another syllable passes those lips until I am out of earshot. This is precisely what I'm talking about. I should know nothing more about my future movements.

MEL:
But shouldn't you take me [back?]

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) Mel! The safest course of action is for me to leave you here. Home. My future self will be fully aware of this and know exactly where to find you. Assuming he's still disposed to do so.

MEL:
What do you mean...?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Quite how I put up with the constant badgering and carrot-based cordials… I really don't know.

MEL:
Yes, you do seem a little… different from my Doctor. More… bolshy.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Bolshy? Bolshy!? Revolutionary, perhaps… (STOPPING) Ah. Downview Crescent. This is your address is it not?

MEL:
Yes, but-

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Good. Off you pop. Go home. Sit tight. Liquidise a root vegetable. Do some… 'aerobics'. Whatever takes your fancy. I'm sure your 'less bolshy' Doctor will be along presently.

MEL:
I suppose it makes sense. I should wait for the right Doctor…

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
When am I ever wrong?

MEL:
It would be nice to see Mum and Dad…

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(WALKING AWAY) That's the spirit.

MEL:
(JUST OFF) Well, thanks for the ride.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(HURRYING AWAY) And thank you for the… er… testimony. Au revoir Mel!

MEL:
(CALLING, FROM OFF) Goodbye Doctor!

(FX: SWIFT WALKING AWAY)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
There. I did it. (CALLING OUT, AS IF TO THE TIME LORDS) I did it! No more interference in the timelines. Though why I'm worried about you lot, I don't know. Far too busy rigging elections for the new High Council I imagine…

At last. I can relax.

(FX: BIRDSONG – SONG THRUSH)

'That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!'

(STOPPING) That's odd. Beyond that hedgerow is one of the busiest arterial thoroughfares in Southern England. It's summer. A beautiful morning… Yet all I hear is birdsong.

(SNIFFING) But I smell… diesel… And see smoke. Right.

(FX: JOGGING DOWN ROAD)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) Why, oh why can't I simply drop somebody off without… complications? Note to self. Never, ever drive a taxi.

Scene 6: <u>INT. MEL'S HOUSE</u>

(FX: FRONT DOOR UNLOCKS AND OPENS)

MEL:
(CALLING) Mum? Dad? I'm back!

(FX: CAT PADDING IN, MEOW)

MEL:
Hello. What are you doing here? Sneaked in through the kitchen window, eh? That's what old Tibbie from number thirty-two used to do.

(CALLING) Mum! (BEAT) Nobody home. Just you and me.

(FX: PERSISTENT MEOWS)

MEL:
Actually you look exactly like Tibbie… She did that too…

(FX: PURRING)

MEL:
It <u>is</u> you isn't it? But you died six months before I even met the Doctor. (GROANS) He's brought me back to the wrong time.

(FX: DOORBELL)

MEL:
That'll be him. He must have realised.

(FX: OPENING FRONT DOOR)

MEL:
Doctor.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Good morning, Miss Bush. Allow me to introduce myself. I am… known as the-(BREAKS OFF, CONFUSED)

MEL:
Doctor. That's what I said.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Oh no.

Scene 7: <u>EXT. OUTSIDE VILLAGE HALL</u>

(FX: DOCTOR SHIFTING METAL BITS OF LORRY)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
This was no mere traffic accident. The cab's been completely crushed. (FX: WRENCHING DOOR AWAY) Ah. And the occupant. Alas poor Yorkie… You've had your last chunky chocolate bar. Hmm. What have we here?

(FX: PULLING FRAGMENT OUT OF METAL)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
A piece of tooth? No… a claw. Possibly Ornithiscian… *Iguanodon bernissartensis* if I'm not mistaken.

(FX: BICYCLE APPROACHING & RINGING BELL)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
And the trail leads across the road. (STEPS OFF PAVEMENT) Now what's an iguanodon doing in nineteen-eighty-[nine]

(FX: COLLISION AS BIKE RUNS INTO DOCTOR)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(FALLING TO GROUND) Oof!

YOUNG MEL:
Sorry. You just walked out in front of me! Are you hurt?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
The only casualty is my dignity. I think. (GETTING UP) Ow.

YOUNG MEL:
Didn't you ever learn the Green Cross Code?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Pardon me for being preoccupied by the pulverised pantechnicon peppering the pavement. (BEAT) Mel?

YOUNG MEL:
(CAUTIOUS) That's right… Who are you?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
You don't know me?

YOUNG MEL:
Should I?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Perhaps not… Tell me. What year is this?

YOUNG MEL:
I must have hit you harder than I thought! 1987.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) Am I too early..?

YOUNG MEL:
No, we've been here since quarter to eight. Mr Petherbridge is still in the hall if you want to see him.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Mr Petherbridge?

YOUNG MEL:
Head of the Dramatic Society. And the Heritage Society. And the Village Association. (BEAT) Is it 'Joseph'?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(CONFUSED) No. I am known as the Doctor…

YOUNG MEL:
I mean the 'coat of many colours'? You're here to audition aren't you? Sorry, I've got to get to work. If you're sure you're OK…

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Yes, yes. I should probably make a note of your place of employment should any… complications arise.

YOUNG MEL:
I'm at the radar station. The ATC, up by the school. Sorry, it's nearly nine…

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Of course. You seem a very trustworthy young lady. I'll be in touch should I require your… assistance.

YOUNG MEL:
(GETTING BACK ON BIKE) Good luck with the technicolour dreamcoat. You could try Brighton. They'll be casting their summer seasons. Bye! (FX: MEL CYCLES OFF)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
How serendipitous. Perhaps now <u>is</u> the time I'm supposed to meet Mel the younger? Pease Pottage radar station. As good a place as any to hone her burgeoning computer skills.

There's just the small matter of the prehistoric talon in this wreckage. Wreckage which Mel spectacularly failed to notice. How peculiar.

WILBERFORCE:
Can I help you? Mister..?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Good morning Madam. I was just considering alerting the authorities. There are this poor fellow's earthly remains to dispose of.

WILBERFORCE:
I suppose you think you're very modern, don't you? Spouting this nonsense?

(FX: WIBBLY DISTORTION AS LORRY DISAPPEARS)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I'm sorry?

WILBERFORCE:
It might work for auditions up in that there London. But it cuts no ice out here in the real world!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Excuse me. As you can see, there's been a not insignificant incident-

WILBERFORCE:
Where?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Well, right here!

WILBERFORCE:
Right where?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Here. This vehicle has been completely- (TURNS ROUND) Impossible. It's gone. Right from under my nose. (BEAT) Madam, may I-

WILBERFORCE:
(INTERRUPTING) I can't waste my morning bandying words with a fellow in fancy dress who clearly doesn't know what day it is. Some of us have jams to jar and post offices to open. (GOING OFF, CALLING) I suggest you drive yourself straight back to London. And a haircut wouldn't go amiss, while you're about it. Good day.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I was only going to ask if I could borrow this bike. (FX: PICKING UP BICYCLE)

Scene 8: <u>EXT. MEL'S HOUSE, DOORSTEP</u>

BLUE DOCTOR:
So Mel, you know who I am?

MEL:
Of course I do, Doctor. You just- (BREAKS OFF) What <u>are</u> you wearing?

BLUE DOCTOR:
This is my usual attire.

MEL:
But your coat…

BLUE DOCTOR:
The blue? Rather dignified I thought.

MEL:
It's a bit understated… sombre… boring! Not you at all. I have to say I prefer the patchwork. At least it's got a bit of pizzazz.

BLUE DOCTOR:
You really are a child of the Eighties, aren't you Mel? But what are <u>you</u> doing here? Shouldn't you be off travelling with a future Doctor?

MEL:
That's what the other you said. When he left me here to meet you. I mean, not you… some other you.

BLUE DOCTOR:
The… other me? Oh no. I've crossed my own timestream.

MEL:
(WORKING IT OUT) So you're older than that Doctor… but younger than mine.

BLUE DOCTOR:
This is potentially disastrous.

MEL:
Just because I've told you you're wearing the wrong coat?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Intersecting timestreams have far greater repercussions than my sartorial decisions.

MEL:
So. What next, Indigo Jones?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Indigo? It's Inigo, Mel. I'd have thought someone with your perfect recall-

MEL:
(INTERRUPTING) I know. I was making a joke.

BLUE DOCTOR:
That's a matter of opinion. Now, I distinctly remember taking <u>you</u> back to- Wait. Where is he? The earlier Doctor?

MEL:
You've only just missed yourself. He went- (BREAKS OFF) Actually. Are you supposed to do that?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Not usually, no. But it's not just any me. Not one of those other fellows with their scarves and frills and… (DISDAINFUL) celery. It's <u>me</u> me! I'll be more than capable of handling the situation.

MEL:
But if you're older… wouldn't you remember meeting yourself?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Thank you Mel. Just… forget you saw me. I'll be along later!

(FX: FRONT DOOR CLOSES)

MEL:
What do I do now? Wait for another one to turn up?

(FX: MEOW)

Scene 9: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

(FX: B/G LOTS OF COMPUTER NOISE, WHIRRS, BEEPS, AND BLIP OF RADAR)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Tracking… Two hundred and sixty thousand feet and descending. Wonderful. We shall see you very soon.

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Ah, young Melanie. Bright and early and ready for another day at the forefront of… traffic control?

YOUNG MEL:
Beat me again, Mr Petherbridge! I never know how you manage it!

PETHERBRIDGE:
At my age, it's important to remain sprightly. You never know when you might need a turn of speed.

YOUNG MEL:
I had an excuse today. Bumped into someone outside the hall. Literally. Here to audition from the look of him.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Really? We do see all sorts passing though. I'd hoped the road restrictions might reduce the… confusion. At least until the main event.

YOUNG MEL:
So. Where should I start today?

PETHERBRIDGE:
The whole place could do with a tidy. A general once over I think. Some pest control too.

(FX: KNOCK ON DOOR)

YOUNG MEL:
Who's that?

JED:
(OUTSIDE DOOR) Hello? Mr P? You in there?

YOUNG MEL:
(DOWNBEAT) Oh. It's Jed.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Ah. Young Master Thurwell. Come to apologise for this morning's absence, no doubt.

YOUNG MEL:
Well, I don't want to see him.

PETHERBRIDGE:
A little tiff? Don't worry. I shan't invite him in. I think I'll pop back to the hall. I have my mobile phone. Another run-through after lunch?

YOUNG MEL:
All right, Mr Petherbridge.

PETHERBRIDGE:
(GOING TO DOOR) And Melanie. This time when you're vacuuming, please don't unplug the computers.

YOUNG MEL:
I'll try to remember!

Scene 10: <u>EXT. OUTSIDE ATC STATION</u>

(FX: PETHERBRIDGE EXITING ATC, WALKING OVER PEBBLE PATH)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Jedediah. You missed the rehearsal this morning.

JED:
Sorry Mister P. Overslept I did. The Black Swan has a fine selection of ales and an even finer selection of fillies.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Ah yes. 1970s night, wasn't it? Melanie is most perturbed. I hope you didn't upset her.

JED:
I never meant to. She's a lovely girl. It's just… those ladies were so… emancipated.

(FX: THEY WALK ALONG PATH)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Indeed. Now Jedediah, I'm informed that the Cinder Banks carriage will be crossing today from Parish Lane. It is vital that you waylay it and acquire the supplies.

JED:
I'll need the lads, Mr P.

PETHERBRIDGE:
I'll make sure they are available.

JED:
How… forcible d'you want it? Talkin' of emancipation. Some of those gents been away a long time.

CROSS TO:

Scene 11: <u>EXT. OUTSIDE ATC STATION, ALONG PATH [CONTINUOUS]</u>

(FX: DOCTOR CYCLING ALONG)

JED:
(OFF) Got a lot of anger in ‘em. Liable to kick up a shindy.

PETHERBRIDGE:
(OFF) I don’t mind at all. Just be aware the cargo is potentially lethal.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) What have we here? Plotters, eh.

(FX: DOCTOR STOPS CYCLING AND DISMOUNTS)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) Ouch. I’m sure Mel’s handlebars left a dent.

JED:
(OFF) So the carriage’ll be horse-drawn, Mr P?

PETHERBRIDGE:
(OFF, APPROACHING) Yes. Cinder Banks usually sends four men along. Armed. But only pikes and blades.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) They’re coming this way.

(FX: DROPS BIKE AND HIDES IN BUSHES)

JED:
(PASSING BY) Poacher Pete’s got some cables from those road-diggings. He’s been settin’ all sorts of traps along the ‘Orsham road. Wants to bag a wild boar, or maybe one o’ them dragons.

PETHERBRIDGE:
(PASSING BY) Yes, well. We’re trying to clear them out.

JED:
(PASSING BY) I thought we could put one across the road… Bury it under the dirt…

PETHERBRIDGE:
(PASSING BY) Whatever you think will work, Master Thurwell. You are the criminal expert after all.

JED:
(STOPPING) What’s that doing ‘ere?

PETHERBRIDGE:
Muriel's bicycle. The children must have taken it again.

JED:
Youths today. They'll pilfer anything, they will.

PETHERBRIDGE:
I sincerely hope so. (CHUCKLES) Bring it. (WALKING OFF) I need to find Mrs Wilberforce. See how preparations with her W.I. are progressing.

(FX: JED PICKS UP BICYCLE AND WHEELS IT OFF)

JED:
(WALKING OFF) My lads might be a band of neck-or-nothing ruffians, but I shouldn't like to meet her lot in a dark alley. (THEY LAUGH, GOING OFF)

(FX: DOCTOR EMERGES FROM BUSHES)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Mr P? The ubiquitous Mr Petherbridge, I presume. Now why would the chairman of the village drama group be planning a hold-up?

(FX: WALKING ALONG PEBBLE PATH) And what was that young man wearing? Historical reconstruction, perhaps? With live-action dinosaurs.

Here we are. The ATC. Perhaps young Mel can offer some assistance…

Scene 12: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

(FX: VACUUMING, B/G AS BEFORE)

YOUNG MEL:
(RECITING TO HERSELF) Pease Pottage Hot, Pease Pottage cold, Pease Pottage in the pot six days old…

(FX: DOCTOR KNOCKS AND ENTERS)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(OVER VACUUM) Hello again, Miss Bush.

(FX: VACUUM OFF)

YOUNG MEL:
What are you doing here? No complications I hope?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Don't worry, I'm in peak condition. Well, well, well. I've seen a few radar stations in my time, but never one so well-equipped. (FX: STARTS TAPPING KEYBOARD)

One might almost say over-equipped. Now what have we here…

YOUNG MEL:
You can't touch that! Mr Petherbridge wouldn't like it.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Lend a hand, Mel. Two technical brains are better than one.

YOUNG MEL:
I don't think you should be doing that… Besides, I wouldn't have a clue.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(DISTRACTED) Really? I thought you were fluent in all- Hold on. <u>That's</u> not an aeroplane.

YOUNG MEL:
What isn't?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
That dish outside isn't pointed at any local flight path. No, it's tracking something much higher in the mesosphere.

YOUNG MEL:
How do you know that?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
And there's an energy signal extending into the woods outside. Fifty metres west. Come on, Mel.

YOUNG MEL:
Come on? I'm working. I can't just up and leave with a stranger.

(FX: DISTORTED EXPLOSION, OFF)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
That didn't sound good.

YOUNG MEL:
That's just the time explosion. Nothing to worry about.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
'Time explosion'? I'd say that's most definitely something to worry about.

YOUNG MEL:
Mr Petherbridge says it's just an echo.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Does he now? He exerts quite an influence in these parts, this Petherbridge. (LEAVING) Perhaps it is safest you stay here, Mel. While I investigate.

Scene 13: <u>INT. MARDAK SHIP, BRIDGE</u>

(FX: SMOOTH ENGINE. ‘BING’ OF SEATBELT OFF SIGNAL)

MARDAK PILOT:
Entering atmosphere now, Captain. Scanning.

KALLAK:
Hold her steady, pilot.

MARDAK PILOT:
Source confirmed.

(FX: COMMUNICATOR BEEP)

VANEESH:
(VIA INTERCOM) Are we there yet, Kallak?

KALLAK:
Almost. I’ll rally the troops. You should run your presentation, Vaneesh.

VANEESH:
(D) Actioning that now, Captain.

KALLAK:
Looks like quite a haul for your first job.

VANEESH:
(D) Just nice to P. O. something this big.

KALLAK:
It’s luck, Vaneesh. This was supposed to be a training flight. But business protocols have been engaged, and you technically outrank me. Not sure you’re ready to be Project Overseer…

VANEESH:
(D) You know how to boost a girl’s confidence, Captain.

KALLAK:
Let’s see how you do. Remember. Mardak HomeCorp is watching.

VANEESH:
(D) (OFF) Deerek, get my nanodrive, will you. Set up deck two.

KALLAK:
I’ll break out the valanxium. Open the Channel. Don’t be too long. Twenty slides max.

VANEESH:
(D) I've forty-seven, but I'm sure I can whip through! I thought I'd start with- (FX: COMMS BEEP AS KALLAK CUTS HER OFF)

KALLAK:
(DISDAINFUL) Graduates…

Scene 14: <u>EXT. PEASE POTTAGE, HORSHAM ROAD</u>

(FX: WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

BLUE DOCTOR:
Let's see… Horsham Road. This way to the village, that towards… Ah. I'd recognise that motley anywhere. There I am!

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(CALLING & CATCHING UP) Doctor! Doctor, wait!

(FX: TRAP SPRUNG - WHOOSH AS BLUE DOCTOR HOISTED UP BY FEET)

Aaaaargh!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(RUNNING UP FROM RIGHT) Look out! Watch your step. The road's covered with-

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) (CALLING DOWN) Traps. Yes. I had noticed.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) (SURPRISED) It's you – I mean, me! What am I doing up there? Apart from… hanging around?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) (CALLING DOWN) Could you get me down please?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Certainly Doctor… I presume you are a future iteration, since I don't recall meeting myself in a similar predicament… (BEAT) But then…

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) (CALLING DOWN) Yes? Can you hurry it up?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Just a moment. Surely my future self would be fully aware of the traps on the road and so would not be fool enough to step into one.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) (CALLING DOWN) You're over-thinking. I can't be expected to remember every little thing. We're all allowed an off day…

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Why are you wearing Necros mourning colours?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) (CALLING DOWN) Tastes change. My demeanour certainly has. I'd forgotten I could be so… obstreperous!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Given the peculiarities I've encountered already today… how do I know you're not a trap? An imposter? Out to ensnare me.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) (CALLING DOWN) Well, I wouldn't be doing a very good job of it up here.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Something strange is going on… Right now, I've no idea what I'm dealing with…

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) (CALLING DOWN) On that we agree.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) (SUSPICIOUS) Anyone could say they're the Doctor. Any number of alien intelligences could contrive to look like me.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) Oh, for goodness sake… Perhaps a little telepathy might clear things up? (FIRM) Contact!

(FX: TELEPATHIC CONFERENCE EFFECT - 'THREE DOCTORS')

Scene 15: <u>INT. MEL'S HOUSE</u>

[(FX: TV SWITCHES BETWEEN CHANNELS: NEWS

NEWSREADER:
-as Mrs Thatcher starts her third term in office, we look towards-

(FX: CLICK, TO EXERCISE PROGRAMME)

INSTRUCTOR:
(FX: AEROBICS MUSIC B/G) And one and two and three and four. Stretch! Again-

(FX: CLICK, TO SOAP)

MUCKY MIKE:
Woss goin on, Trace? Why'd you wanna see me?

TRACE:
I'm 'avin' a baby, Mike. And it's yours!

(FX: EASTENDERS-STYLE DUFF-DUFFS, TV SWITCHED OFF)]

MEL:
Repeats. But then, I suppose everything's repeats for me.

(FX: FRONT DOOR BEING OPENED, OFF)

MEL:
Now who's this? (CALLING) Hello!

WILBERFORCE:
(OFF, COMING IN) Melanie, dear. Shouldn't you be at work?

MEL:
You know me?

WILBERFORCE:
Of course, dear. Are we going to do this <u>every</u> day? I'm looking after you, dear. While your parents are away.

MEL:
Where are they?

WILBERFORCE:
An extended cruise of the Balearics. Look. Postcards. On the mantelpiece.

MEL:
I don't remember them ever doing that…

WILBERFORCE:
Is it your memory again, or too many Malibus at the Black Swan? What time did you get in, young lady?

MEL:
I'm sorry. I have no idea who you are.

WILBERFORCE:
Late bedtimes will take their toll. Let me see. Oh, my dear. You've aged overnight.

MEL:
You might find this hard to believe, but I don't think I'm the Melanie Bush you know.

WILBERFORCE:
Of course not dear. I see it now. You're from her future!

Scene 16: <u>EXT. PEASE POTTAGE, HORSHAM ROAD</u>

(FX: TWO DOCTORS STRIDING QUICKLY ALONG ROAD)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) (RUNNING TO CATCH UP) Look, I have apologised. How was I to know-

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) (INTERRUPTING) Forget it. I've enough things already I can't forgive myself.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) I shan't even ask…

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) We'll just get you back to your TARDIS, and you can be on your way. Along here wasn't it?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Yes, but I don't see why I should be the one to leave.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) Mel's future is at stake. You must go. Now.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) I only came here to drop her off. After our trial. Surely you remember?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) (SLOWLY) I remember the trial…

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) And now I've met young Mel for the first time. Though she seems a little… incomplete.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) No. I'm your future, and I haven't met her yet. <u>You</u> shouldn't be here at all. The sooner you get back in your TARDIS the better.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) So. Where is it?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) Wait a minute. This is where I landed.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) And where I landed.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) So…

DOCTORS (TOGETHER):
What have you done with my TARDIS?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) They've been stolen!

Scene 17: <u>INT. MEL'S HOUSE</u>

MEL:
Sorry, but… just who <u>are</u> you?

WILBERFORCE:
Muriel Wilberforce, dear. Founding Member of the Pease Pottage Women's Institute, and longest serving Chair. Up until 1964 anyway.

MEL:
Why? What happened then?

WILBERFORCE:
I died, dear. I was nearly eighty-one, you know.

MEL:
Right. That settles it. I'm not waiting around any longer. I'm going to find the Doctor. Any Doctor.

(FX: MEL HEADS FOR FRONT DOOR)

WILBERFORCE:
(FOLLOWING) Never mind a Doctor, dear. I think you need to see Mr Petherbridge.

Scene 18: <u>EXT. DOWNVIEW CRESCENT [CONTINUOUS]</u>

(FX: FRONT DOOR OPENS AS MEL AND WILBERFORCE EXIT)

MEL:
(WALKING. TO HERSELF.) We landed down on the main road.

(FX: IGUANODON ROAR, JUST OFF)

MEL:
What was that?

(FX: ROAR, CLOSER)

WILBERFORCE:
Oh no. Not again. They're playing havoc with the rhododendrons.

MEL:
It's coming from our back garden. Oh… my--

(FX: IGUANODON STOMPING INTO ROAD)

WILBERFORCE:
Ooh. It's got a mouthful of Mrs Peterson's rosebush. She won't like that.

MEL:
But that's a… a…

WILBERFORCE:
Dinosaur, dear? Yes, dear. Been a lot of them hanging around since they opened that leisure centre.

MEL:
I know what it is. Spiky thumb. Flat nose. You're an Iguanodon.

WILBERFORCE:
Oh, very good, dear. I can never tell them apart.

MEL:
I memorised a hundred and fifty different species when I was eight. You're not going to eat us are you?

(FX: DINOSAUR ROAR – CUT OFF WITH A YELP, THEN ANOTHER LOUDER ROAR OF THE BARYONYX)

WILBERFORCE:
No that one wouldn't have. But this one might.

MEL:
Long snout. Lots of teeth. Lots and lots of teeth.

WILBERFORCE:
I think it's seen us.

MEL:
Baryonyx. Carnivorous. And fast. Run, Mrs Wilberforce. Run!

(FX: BARYONYX ROAR AND CHARGE)

CRASH IN CLOSING THEME.

CONTINUE WITH SCENE 19

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

Scene 19: <u>EXT. DOWNVIEW CRESCENT TO VILLAGE [CONTINUOUS]</u>

MEL:
(RUNNING) I don't believe it… Home for five minutes and I'm being chased down my own street by a dinosaur.

(FX: JEDEDIAH WHISTLES)

JED:
(CALLING, OFF) Oi! Miss Melanie. Mother Wilberforce. Over 'ere!

WILBERFORCE:
(RUNNING) Jedediah. Why weren't you at rehearsals this morning? And what on earth are you doing in Mr Beresford's bungalow?

(FX: BARYONYX ROAR, CLOSER)

JED:
Got to keep my hand in. Not found a lock yet my bettys couldn't crack – past, present or future. Get in.

(FX: THEY BUNDLE INTO HOUSE)

Scene 20: <u>INT. BERESFORD BUNGALOW [CONTINUOUS]</u>

(FX: DOOR SLAMS, THUMP AND SCRATCHING OUTSIDE DOOR)

JED:
That was a close one.

MEL:
That door's not going to last long.

WILBERFORCE:
He only had it repainted in spring.

JED:
Look, about last night, Melanie…

MEL:
Sorry, but who are you?

(FX: SCRATCHING STOPS)

WILBERFORCE:
You can save your apologies, young man. This isn't our Melanie.

MEL:
Won't one of you tell me what's going on? Where's my family? And everyone else, for that matter… What's happened to Pease Pottage?

JED:
It's stopped. Look out the window. What's this fella doing?

(FX: SUB-SONIC WHISTLE SOUND. DINOSAUR ROAR OUTSIDE, GOING OFF)

WILBERFORCE:
That chap in fancy dress again.

MEL:
The Doctor. He's blowing a… whistle? He's drawing it off.

WILBERFORCE:
Don't tell me. He's trying out for the Pied Piper this time.

Scene 21: <u>EXT. DOWNVIEW CRESCENT [CONTINUOUS]</u>

(FX: DOCTOR BLOWING DOG WHISTLE – SUBSONIC SOUND BARELY AUDIBLE)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Now. You're coming towards me. That's good.

(FX: DINOSAUR SNORTING, READY TO CHARGE)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Oh no. I haven't really thought this through.

There's a good Baryonyx… You wouldn't want to snack on me, I'd be terribly chewy. Besides, I've a bright future ahead of me.

(FX: DINOSAUR ROARS AND CHARGES – WIBBLY DISTORT BEGINS)

CUT TO:

Scene 22: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

(FX: B/G AS BEFORE)

YOUNG MEL:
(TIDYING UP IN HER MIND) What a mess. That shouldn't be there. Nor that. Aha… That's where you're getting in…

(FX: KNOCKING)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(JUST OFF) Hello? Anyone home?

YOUNG MEL:
Can I help you?

BLUE DOCTOR:
I'm from the radar dish inspection authority. Come to inspect your… radar dish.

YOUNG MEL:
You again!

BLUE DOCTOR:
Mel! How marvellous to meet you at last.

YOUNG MEL:
What do you mean?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Did I say 'at last'? I mean again.

YOUNG MEL:
What happened to your colours?

BLUE DOCTOR:
My coat? Oh… it's… er... reversible…

YOUNG MEL:
I thought you were here for the stage show. I didn't realise you were on official business. (FX: PICKS UP PHONE) I'll call Mr Petherbridge.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(FX: TAPPING AT KEYBOARD) No need, young Mel… It might be state of the art to you, but I'm a past master with this sort of thing. (BEAT) Actually. There is such a thing as technological overkill. Why so much equipment?

YOUNG MEL:
I really don't think you should…

BLUE DOCTOR:
(FX: BEEPS AND TAPPING KEYS) Now what's he been up to?

YOUNG MEL:
Who?

BLUE DOCTOR:
I mean, where had I got to..? Tracking this ship. It's extending a carrier beam to the edge of the woods.

YOUNG MEL:
That's what you said before.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Yes, it's all coming back to me now. I've the strangest feeling I've been here before.

YOUNG MEL:
You were. Half an hour ago.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(FX: COMPUTER ALARM) Now, how do I get through this firewall, Mel?

YOUNG MEL:
Don't ask me. I'm a complete dunce when it comes to computers.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Really? Hmm. Curiouser and curiouser. (TO SELF) Some sort of mind control perhaps… No matter. I know who can help.

(FX: DISTORTED EXPLOSION, OFF)

BLUE DOCTOR:
Your 'time explosion' again. Where's it coming from..?

YOUNG MEL:
Mr Petherbridge says the echo's in the woods.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Right where this signal points. Now if you'd like to be of assistance, young Mel, you're welcome to accompany me.

YOUNG MEL:
I shouldn't leave the place empty. Not without letting Mr Petherbridge know.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Oh well. If excitement and adventure aren't your sort of thing…

YOUNG MEL:
(TEMPTED) Look… I just need to call him. I'll… catch you up.

BLUE DOCTOR:
That's more like the Mel I know! (LEAVING) Meet me at the main road.

(FX: TOUCH-TONE PHONE DIALLING)

Scene 23: <u>EXT. OUTSIDE VILLAGE HALL</u>

(FX: PETHERBRIDGE WALKING, 80's MOBILE PHONE RING)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Hello? (FX: UNINTELLIGIBLE MEL) Yes, Melanie.

Ah. You found how they're getting in? Well done.

Go ahead. Seal the hole and take an early lunch. You've earned it.

I'm just at the hall. Come over afterwards. We'll run through it again. Goodbye, Mel. (FX: PHONE OFF)

And goodbye to those prehistoric pests. Nothing beyond the seventeenth century. That should simplify matters.

And a deception, Melanie. I do believe you're developing a mind of your own…

Scene 24: <u>INT. BERESFORD BUNGALOW</u>

WILBERFORCE:
Good, that beastie's gone. Your Doctor friend's coming over.

(FX: DOOR OPENING)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Everybody in one piece? Good.

MEL:
Doctor. What did you think you were doing?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
K9's dog-whistle. Ultra-sonic or subsonic — depending on which end you blow.

MEL:
Never mind '*blowing*', you're lucky you're still breathing. What happened to the dinosaur?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Extinct! It faded away. Like the lorry. Hello again. Mrs..?

WILBERFORCE:
Muriel Wilberforce. Postmistress and Chair of the Women's Institute 1922 to 1964.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
And you, young man?

JED:
Jedediah Thurwell. At your service, Mister.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
That's Doctor to you.

MEL:
Jedediah? You're not from the eighties either.

JED:
What d'ya mean? Made it all the way to 1884, I did. A ripe old age.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Mel? These persons are not from your time?

MEL:
There's nobody here who is! The only people I've met are ones who shouldn't exist. Sorry. No offence.

WILBERFORCE:
None taken dear.

JED:
This is all very sociable… But if the dragon's gone, I'll be off. Busy man. Things to do, eh Mrs W?

WILBERFORCE:
So you have.

JED:
Should find my own Melanie, too. Make amends. (LEAVING) Doctor. Miss. Pleasure to make your acquaintance.

MEL:
Hold on a minute. (CALLING) What do you mean 'your own Melanie'? Where are you going?

(FX: JED EXITS HOUSE)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Wherever it is, he's in rather a hurry. So, Mrs Wilberforce, you seem to be fully aware of your situation. Why <u>are</u> you here?

WILBERFORCE:
It's for the greater good. We've had to put up with a lot, but it will all be worth it in the end.

MEL:
Worth it? For what?

WILBERFORCE:
(EVASIVE) You're probably best asking Mr Petherbridge.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I intend to. Now excuse us. Mel and I have an appointment.

MEL:
Have we?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(LEADING HER OUT) Come along.

WILBERFORCE:
(OFF) I'll tidy up here. Poor Mr Beresford. His water feature will never be the same.

Scene 25: <u>EXT. DOWNVIEW CRESCENT [CONTINUOUS]</u>

(FX: CLOSING FRONT DOOR AND WALKING DOWN STREET)

MEL:
What's going on, Doctor? I met another you. Wearing blue.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
So did I, Mel. And both our TARDISes have been spirited away. We'll have to sort this mess out together. He's fetching the other Mel and meeting us on the Horsham road.

MEL:
The… other Mel?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Yes. A younger version of you. Only she's not quite… erm…

MEL:
Not quite what?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Well, I haven't met you yet, so it's tricky to say. One thing we do know, though... Pease Pottage has been taken out of time!

Scene 26: <u>EXT. PARISH LANE, PEASE POTTAGE</u>

(FX: CREEPING ALONG UNDERGROWTH)

JED:
Hello lads. Been waiting long?

PETE:
Happy to lie down here all week, Jed lad. It's good to be free.

JED:
Freedom comes at a price though, Pete. Ready for a dustup?

PETE:
You knows us, Jedediah. Always. Still don't comprehend how you sprung us, lad.

JED:
Yeah, I'm wondering how I managed that meself.

(FX: RUMBLE OF APPROACHING HORSE-DRAWN CART)

JED:
(CALLING) Hear that, boys? That's the sound of my ship coming in.

PETE:
What's our prize? An 'undred guineas? Two?

JED:
Shut your bone box. It's here.

(FX: CART PASSING CLOSE)

JED:
Pull on the ropes!

(FX: HORSE REARING)

DRIVER:
Whoa there! What's going- [on?]

(FX: COMMOTION AS BRIGANDS ATTACK CARRIAGE, DRIVER AND GUARDS DRAGGED DOWN, PUNCHED AND KICKED INTO SUBMISSION)

JED:
That's enough lads. Truss 'em up, and leave 'em there. Mr P will get the mess cleared up.

PETE:
Sure we can't rough 'em up a bit more?

(FX: ANOTHER KICK, HORSE WHINNIES)

JED:
A good strong daisy-kicker too. Fetch a pretty penny at market. Whenever the market might be. There, there. Calm down, missy.

PETE:
(FX: OPENING WOODEN CRATE) What's this, Jedediah? Nothing but dust in these crates.

(FX: DISTORTION AS GUARDS DISAPPEAR)

PETE:
Where'd those soldiers go?

JED:
Told you they'd get tidied up.

(FX: DISTORTION AS CONVICTS DISAPPEAR)

PETE:
Where's Light-fingered John? Freddy the Fists?

JED:
Back where you belong, my boys. On the wagon to Lewes Prison.

PETE:
What you done to us, Jedediah? Sold us down the- (FX: DISTORT AS PETE DISAPPEARS)

JED:
Now to get this cart up to the field and unload. Sorry, Pete, in this world a body's gotta look after his own skin. Ain't that right missy?

(FX: HORSE WHINNY)

Scene 27: <u>EXT. HORSHAM ROAD, PEASE POTTAGE</u>

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(WALKING) Do keep up, Mel. I thought you were the exercise fan.

MEL:
(CATCHING UP) Excuse me if I'm a little confused.

(FX: RUSTLING BUSHES AS BLUE DOCTOR EMERGES)

MEL:
Doctor!

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) Well done, Doctor. I knew I could rely on you.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Not at all, Doctor. A pleasure to be working with you.

MEL:
I've heard of self-congratulation but this is ridiculous!

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) Hello again, Mel. Two of you and two of me… This could get confusing.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Not at all. This is the Mel I deposited here for our future self to collect – let's call her Melanie A, shall we?

MEL:
I am here, you know.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) And the younger version is Mel B…

MEL:
What if another me turns up? Who's she? Mel C?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) No! That cannot be allowed to happen!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Yes, wrong decade for the Spice Girls…

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) A miscellany of Melanies could herald the collapse of reality. The fabric of the cosmos… ripped apart.

MEL:
Where is this younger me?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) On her way. It seems we have two different problems to solve and four ways in which to solve them.

Scene 28: <u>EXT. OUTSIDE VILLAGE HALL</u>

(FX: JED LEADING HORSE AND CART)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Ah, Master Thurwell. Went the day well?

JED:
All according to plan Mr P. Only…

PETHERBRIDGE:
Yes?

JED:
Didn't feel right. Befooling my boys like that.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Don't worry yourself, lad. It'll all be worth it in the end. Leave the cart on the green. You'll need the horse.

JED:
Right. (UNTYING HORSE) There's a few crates of black powder left here. Like you said. Rest have gone in them 'oles.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Ah yes, we still need to dig those holes… Let me see, the golf course arrives in the 1970s…

(FX: VAN DRIVING UP, GEARS CRUNCH)

JED:
Oh my Lord. Another one o' them infernal engines.

WILBERFORCE:
(CALLING FROM VAN) I'll never get used to the gears in these foreign vans. Give me a Morris Minor any day. There's goodness knows how many bags of cement in the back, Mr Petherbridge.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Excellent. Jedediah, go with Muriel and unload for the workers at the radar site. There's an extra wall needs building. Round about 1984 I believe.

JED:
I'm not getting in that thing, Mr P. Not for love nor money.

PETHERBRIDGE:
That's why I said to take the horse.

JED:
Oh, right. (MOUNTING HORSE) You think of everything Mr P.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Muriel, it's time your ladies did their bit.

WILBERFORCE:
Right you are, Mr Petherbridge. Follow me, young man!

(FX: VAN DRIVES OFF, HORSE CANTERS AFTER)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Back here soonest, Jedediah! (TO SELF) Have I thought of everything?

(FX: DISTORTED EXPLOSION, OFF)

PETHERBRIDGE:
(AMUSED) Yes. I believe I have.

Scene 29: <u>EXT. HORSHAM ROAD, PEASE POTTAGE</u>

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) There it goes again. That ‘time explosion’. It’s decided. You, young Doctor, deal with the alien vessel. Stop the invasion.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Yet another collection of extraterrestrials out to conquer the earth… Why do I get the boring job?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) I’ve more experience of temporal anomalies. I’ve more experience full stop. Now, Mel, I assume you have the IT skills your counterpart is lacking…

MEL:
Lacking? What’s wrong with her?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Actually, I’d prefer this Mel’s help. The other one’s useless. What do we call her, by the way? Mel the Younger? Mini-Mel? Mel minora?

MEL:
Hey, I’m not some parcel you can pass back and forth.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) Young Mel seems rather in thrall to this Petherbridge. I’d like you to keep her away from him for a while.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Who made *you* boss?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) I did.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) I still don’t see why I get the aliens. You can’t remember what happened yet.

MEL:
What does he mean: you can’t remember?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) Look, I’ve foiled so many invasions, I don’t recall every single detail.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Unless dealing with the time disturbance does something to my memory.

MEL:
(FRUSTRATED) Two of you just make things twice as confusing.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) All right. I'll stop them… with 'Mini-Mel' assistance!

MEL:
(RAISING VOICE) I asked a question! Won't one of you tell me what's going on?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) Sorry, Mel. My earlier self and I have ascertained that I am only remembering these events after they happen to him.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) We're in a pocket of time that's been cut off from the rest of the universe. Cauterised.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) And what ***happens*** in cauterised time…

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) …***stays*** in cauterised time.

MEL:
Neither of you should be here. This isn't how I met you.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) That's right. We need to put things back on track.

MEL:
You're the wrong Doctors in the wrong place at the wrong time.

DOCTORS (TOGETHER):
Story of my lives.

(FX: APPROACHING BIKE, BELL)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Here she comes.

MEL:
Is that..?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) Mel. Bush.

MEL:
Yes, I know. It's me.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(L) No, Mel. Hide. In that bush. If she's under some kind of mind control, we'd best not overload her.

MEL:
(FX: GETTING PUSHED INTO BUSHES) Oof!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Actually, you should probably- Oh, too late.

YOUNG MEL:
Oh. There are two of you now?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(R) Yes. This is my… um... twin. We work together. Occasionally.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(FX: GOING INTO BUSHES) Can't stop. Better just check this foliage. Possible radar interference…

YOUNG MEL:
Did he just push someone into that bush?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Another… er... twin. Now. How would you like to meet some aliens?

YOUNG MEL:
(FX: WHEELING BIKE, WALKING OFF) Really? I thought nothing exciting ever happened in Pease Pottage. Mr Petherbridge is over at the hall. He did say I could take a break… Go on then. I'm game!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(WALKING OFF) Right, Mel B. Let's spice up your life!

(FX: MOTLEY DOCTOR AND YOUNG MEL LEAVE. BLUE DOCTOR AND MEL EMERGE FROM BUSHES)

BLUE DOCTOR:
Come on out, Mel. They've gone.

MEL:
That was… me!

BLUE DOCTOR:
Yes. Probably best you don't meet. We're in enough trouble with my own timeline.

MEL:
Where next then, Indigo Jones?

BLUE DOCTOR:
You heard. The Village Hall. I'd very much like to find this Petherbridge. (GOING OFF) And please stop calling me Indigo…

Scene 30: <u>EXT. BUCHAN HILL FOREST</u>

(FX: DOCTOR AND MEL CREEPING THROUGH WOODS, TWIGS SNAPPING, LEAVES RUSTLING)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Shhh! You know, for someone so slight of frame, 'Mini-Mel', you do make rather a lot of noise.

YOUNG MEL:
Sorry. If I'd known I'd be tramping through woods…

(FX: BRANCH BREAKING)

YOUNG MEL:
Ow. So where are these aliens?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
There's something in the air. Setting my teeth on edge.

YOUNG MEL:
Like a thunderstorm brewing. We're out of the trees at least.

(FX: STEPPING OUT OF WOODS ONTO GRASS)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
According to your radar, their beam reaches just over there. What's that flag?

YOUNG MEL:
The fifteenth hole, I think. Look, someone's left their clubs.

(FX: FLASH OF CHANNEL FORMING)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Stay here, Mel. Under cover.

YOUNG MEL:
What is that? An orange… doorway? Hanging in the air!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
A Valanxium Channel. On a golf course. How appropriate. Now what are <u>they</u> doing here?

YOUNG MEL:
Who?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Mardaks. An entire species dedicated to one of the most despicable occupations in the civilised universe.

YOUNG MEL:
What are they? Robbers? (BEAT) Arms dealers? (BEAT, WILD GUESS) Pirates?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
No, Mel. (DISDAINFULLY) Business consultants…

Scene 31: <u>INT. MARDAK SHIP, CONFERENCE ROOM</u>

(FX: AUDENCE OF MARDAKS WATCHING PRESENTATION)

VANEESH:
(FX: ON MIC, PRESENTING) And the next slide please, Deerek.

(FX: CLICK OF PROJECTOR)

VANEESH:
(FX: ON MIC) Sorry. This chart's a bit busy. But if you look at your handouts…

(FX: RUSTLING PAPERS)

VANEESH:
(FX: ON MIC) You'll see the imagineered valanxium yield is twenty times expenditure. It's <u>all</u> low-hanging fruit on this one, people.

(SOTTO) Next slide.

So. We dynamically steer ourselves like any client. Keep our prob-jective CLEVER.

That's Costed. Leveraged. Efficient. Value-added. Essential. And Reversible.

KALLAK:
(COUGHS) Facilitator Vaneesh… If we could wrap this up? The Channel's open.

(FX: MARDAKS START LEAVING ROOM, MUMBLING, CHAIRS SCRAPING)

VANEESH:
(OVER NOISE, RACING THROUGH SLIDES) In conclusion. I want alpha players with a can-do headset! Be fifteen percent better than your best! Remember our brand-message: Delivering tomorrow, today!

(FX: NOISE OF DEPARTING MARDAKS)

VANEESH:
(OVER NOISE) Above all - have fun!

Scene 32: <u>EXT. BUCHAN HILL FOREST, EDGE OF GOLF COURSE</u>

YOUNG MEL:
What's valanxium?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
A very dangerous, very volatile element. And an extremely valuable one.

YOUNG MEL:
Why? What's it for?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
It saves time. It can be used to extrude short-range passage through the vortex. The Mardaks' primitive technology allows hops of several thousand miles. With zero travel costs.

YOUNG MEL:
I see.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
The only trouble is, valanxium is chronically unstable.

YOUNG MEL:
You mean, it keeps falling to bits?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(IMPATIENTLY) No, I mean its chronons are liable to come unfixed from the timeline. Do pay attention. And punching holes in the vortex willy-nilly is never a good idea.

YOUNG MEL:
I understand the bit about dangerous, at least. So that's their business? Selling these Channels?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
The ability to ship anything instantly from its point of origin to its point of use. Convenient, yes. But…

YOUNG MEL:
Isn't that a good thing? Scientific advancement?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Not always. It renders the game of golf pointless for a start. (BEAT) Perhaps that's a bad example.

As Francis Bacon put it: 'Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience.'

(FX: MARDAKS MARCH FROM TUNNEL, OFF)

YOUNG MEL:
Oh wow… Aliens… Real aliens. They're purple!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Used to be grey. A focus group decided this particular shade of violet 'created impact with the client base while maintaining a non-threatening aura'. So they bio-engineered it into their DNA. Everyone else just thinks it clashes terribly with whatever they wear. Those mustard business suits are a mistake…

YOUNG MEL:
(SOTTO) People in glass houses… (ALOUD) What are they carrying?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Looks like digging equipment. Mini-Mel, pass me that golf bag…

CROSS TO:

Scene 33: <u>EXT. VALANXIUM CHANNEL, GOLF COURSE</u>

(FX: MARDAK TROOPS – ABOUT TWENTY – SETTING UP DIGGERS)

VANEESH:
(FX: BEEPING SCANNER) OK then. Team Aptitude. Start over here.

KALLAK:
Gervin and Wardek, that's your lot. Move it.

VANEESH:
And Team Stardrive. Start over there.

KALLAK:
Verlek. Craden. Get going.

VANEESH:
We should meet up fifty metres below… here. First to hit valanxium gets a HomeCorp Handshake!

(FX: DIGGING EQUIPMENT STARTS UP)

KALLAK:
(ASIDE) Why don't you just call them by their names, Vaneesh?

VANEESH:
They love the teamsmanship. Look at them go.

KALLAK:
We never used to need… 'incentivisation', back in the day. We did what we did for the glory of HomeCorp.

VANEESH:
It's a new world, Kallak. These guys all want D.B.A.'s. Doctorates in Business Application guarantee a better pay-grade than Ship Captain. With my lead-spiration, they'll outrank you soon. Engage as Facilitators on client-worlds.

KALLAK:
Yeah? They'll still need ships to get there.

(FX: DIGGING MACHINERY)

CROSS BACK TO:

Scene 34: <u>EXT. BUCHAN HILL FOREST, EDGE OF GOLF COURSE</u>

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Right. Enough covert observation. Let’s get their attention.

YOUNG MEL:
How are you going to do that?

(FX: SELECTING CLUB FROM BAG)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
From this distance? I think… a five iron.

(FX: SWING AND THWACK) Fore!

Scene 35: <u>INT. PEASE POTTAGE VILLAGE HALL</u>

(FX: PIANO NOTES, INEXPERTLY PLAYED)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Pease Pottage hot. Pease Pottage cold. Pease Pottage in the pot, four days old.

(FX: DOORS OPEN. DOCTOR AND MEL ENTER)

BLUE DOCTOR:
Mr Petherbridge. You're a difficult man to trace. Everywhere and nowhere.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Doctor. Would it be ever so gauche to say… I've been expecting you?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Hardly original. But in your case, I believe you have. Where's my TARDIS. Our TARDISes.

PETHERBRIDGE:
And you've brought the delightful Miss Bush. Let me see how she turns out.

MEL:
Who are you? And what have you done to Pease Pottage?

PETHERBRIDGE:
(FX: WALKING OVER) Charming. Utterly charming. And in answer to your question, as chair of the Heritage Society, I am placing Pease Pottage at the centre of things.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Why would you want to do that? Why do you even have a Heritage Society? Forgive me Mel, but nothing much ever happened here.

PETHERBRIDGE:
On the contrary Doctor. Everything happens here. (FX: OPENING DOOR) I'll show you.

Scene 36: <u>EXT. PEASE POTTAGE VILLAGE GREEN [CONTINUOUS]</u>

(FX: CROWD CHEERING)

PETHERBRIDGE:
(WALKING OUTSIDE) A celebration. A confluence of history. My own small recital pales in comparison.

MEL:
(FOLLOWING) Where did all the people come from? That arch wasn't there when we arrived. What does it say?

BLUE DOCTOR:
'Victoria Regina.' Spelt with dahlias. How… refined.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Her Majesty's visit. 1837 I believe. We need to be just a smidgen sooner…

MEL:
Doctor… I can feel it. I can see the threads. It's like sorting through my memory.

(FX: DISTORT AS CROWDS FADE)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Oh very good. She has potential, Doctor.

BLUE DOCTOR:
What are you doing to her? Stop it. Now

MEL:
I- I'm OK. Just an odd sensation for a moment.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Pease Pottage. The name is so very… English. They say it comes from the pease porridge, you know. They fed it to convicts, passing through the gate.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Like many folk stories, I believe that particular explanation is apocryphal.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Really? You should ask our nineteenth century convicts for their opinion.

(FX: JUST OFF, HORSE-DRAWN WAGON ARRIVES, CHAINED CONVICTS DISEMBARK)

MEL:
Look. A wagon. With guards. And prisoners.

PETHERBRIDGE:
There they are. Half a dozen reprobates destined for the naval prison at Lewes. Disembarking for rations at the toll-gate.

MEL:
There's Jed. He's chained up.

(FX: HORSE TROTTING UP)

BLUE DOCTOR:
Actually, Mel. That young man's over here as well.

JED:
(FX: DISMOUNTING) Blimey. That's what I look like.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Thank you, Jedediah. I'll take the horse. (FX: MOUNTING HORSE) Been a while since I rode. Got the flintlocks, lad? Pass them up.

JED:
(HANDING GUNS TO PETHERBRIDGE) Here, Mr P. How can I be over there? And 'ere? It don't sit right in my head.

BLUE DOCTOR:
I'm not surprised. It could be catastrophic. You need to get right away.

MEL:
The Doctor knows what he's talking about.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Indeed, Jed. Back to the woods with you.

JED:
(RUNNING OFF) I ain't arguing. This is too… unnatural.

BLUE DOCTOR:
You're picking and choosing moments from history. But how? And why?

PETHERBRIDGE:
(FX: COCKING PISTOLS) Two guards. Two shots. Master Thurwell just completed his most important task yet. Securing his own freedom.

Scene 37: <u>EXT. BUCHAN HILL FOREST, EDGE OF GOLF COURSE</u>

(FX: B/G HUM OF VALANXIUM CHANNEL, DIGGING EQUIPMENT)

VANEESH:
Greetings Earthling. Please do not be alarmed. My name's Vaneesh, and I'll be your Invasion Facilitator for the duration of this incursion. (WINCING) We'll overlook the projectiles for now.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I'll put this simply. Leave. This. Planet.

VANEESH:
Lesser species can be disorientated when they come under Mardak HomeCorp control. So we've prepared a welcome pack for all new affiliates.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I don't want your brochure. Pack up your buckets and spades and go.

YOUNG MEL:
Doctor, aren't you being a bit [rude?]

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Leave this to me, mini-Mel.

VANEESH:
Sorry, I can't expect an inferior life-form to understand the complexities of our prob-jective. (BEAT) Who were you talking to?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Prob-jective?

VANEESH:
Project objective. As I say, a native-

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) You're mistaken, Facilitator. I'm not indigenous.

VANEESH:
One moment.

(FX: HUM OF SCANNER)

YOUNG MEL:
Doctor. What's she doing?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
A bioscan.

KALLAK:
(WALKING UP) Trouble, Vaneesh? Don't tell me - residential objections?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I'm not a resident.

VANEESH:
Higher species. Competition. That rebrands my perspective…

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I hate to say I told you so…

YOUNG MEL:
(SOTTO) I don't think you do…

VANEESH:
Any threat to Mardak monopoly must be removed. With extreme prejudice. Kallak.

KALLAK:
Facilitator?

VANEESH:
Incinerate the competition.

YOUNG MEL:
No!

Scene 38: <u>EXT. PEASE POTTAGE VILLAGE GREEN</u>

PETHERBRIDGE:
(CALLING) Guards. Your attention!

MEL:
Don't shoot them. You mustn't!

BLUE DOCTOR:
Mel, Be careful.

(FX: DISTORT AS GUARDS DISAPPEAR)

PETHERBRIDGE:
They've vanished. You're improving at this, Melanie. Not a shot need be fired.

(FX: GUNSHOT)

MEL:
No!

BLUE DOCTOR:
It's all right Mel. He just broke the prisoners' chains.

PETHERBRIDGE:
(CALLING) Release your associates, young Jed.

JED:
(CALLING OVER) Thank you sir. We're in your debt sir.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Good. You man. Poacher Pete is it? Hold the girl. I needn't remind you who has the weapons.

MEL:
(STRUGGLING) Get off me you-

PETHERBRIDGE:
The rest of you. The… 'magistrate' in the blue coat.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING) I don't know what you hope to achieve with this petty display of brute force…

PETHERBRIDGE:
A lesson in causality, Doctor. I tell these men to tie you to that cart. So they do. (BEAT, SHOUTS) Do it!

(FX: DOCTOR MANHANDLED ONTO CART AND TIED)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING) No!

PETHERBRIDGE:
Tie him, Master Thurwell.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING) Unhand me. Let me go.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Behind you. Crates of gunpowder. The fuse will give you one minute. Maybe two. Time for you to think on this conundrum. This cart was stolen by these men. Yet I've only just freed them for that purpose.

MEL:
Stop it! Just let him go!

PETHERBRIDGE:
As I say. A lesson in causality. And how I control it.

BLUE DOCTOR:
What <u>are</u> you, Petherbridge?

PETHERBRIDGE:
Goodbye Doctor, I've a reality to arrange. (FX: DISASSEMBLING FLINTLOCK, TROTTING HORSE) Here's a flint, Jedediah. Light the fuse. Yah!

(FX: HORSE WHINNIES AND CANTERS OFF)

BLUE DOCTOR:
Jed. You don't have to listen to him.

JED:
(FX: STRIKING FLINT) How- how do you all know who I am?

MEL:
Please, Jed. Don't do it!

JED:
Sorry, Miss. No choice, Miss. Don't think I ever had.

(FX: LIGHTING FUSE. FIZZ.)

MEL:
No!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(CONTINUES INTO:)

Scene 39: <u>EXT. PEASE POTTAGE VILLAGE GREEN [CONTINUOUS]</u>

(FX: B/G FIZZ OF FUSE THROUGH)

JED:
Lads. We need to be away before the beaksmen twig we're on the hop. And before the very loud bang.

PETE:
What about this one?

MEL:
(STRUGGLING) Let… me… go!

JED:
Firebrand ain't you? Pretty one too. Yeah. Leave her Pete.

PETE:
(GOING OFF) Who was that toff on 'orseback?

JED:
Dunno. Seemed familiar. Cover your ears for the bang, missy! (RUNNING OFF) Head for the wood, lads!

(FX: CONVICTS RUN OFF)

MEL:
Doctor. Let me-

BLUE DOCTOR:
Don't come any closer Mel. This gunpowder could explode at any second.

MEL:
What did Petherbridge say..? Causality… I did something. I saved the guards.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(WORKING ON ROPES) Whatever you're thinking, don't let him into your mind. Mel - get back!

MEL:
Doctor… I can see it.

BLUE DOCTOR:
See what? If I can just free one hand… I taught Harry a thing or two about knots…

MEL:
Everything that happens… The past.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING WITH ROPE) It's coming loose. Wait!

MEL:
I can see the links. I can make things change…

BLUE DOCTOR:
Mel! Don't do it.

MEL:
What if Jed didn't want you to die? What if he knew you'd escape? What if he tied a slip knot?

BLUE DOCTOR:
There! I'm free. Now just to pull out this fuse… and snuff it! To ensure I don't. (FX: REMOVING FUSE AND EXTINGUISHING FIZZ) Hey presto…

(FX: DOCTOR JUMPS DOWN FROM CART)

BLUE DOCTOR AND MEL (TOGETHER):
I did it!

Scene 40: <u>EXT. FIELD 1940 (SITE OF FUTURE GOLF COURSE)</u>

(FX: SOUNDS OF A DOZEN LADIES DIGGING)

(FX: WHEELING TROLLEY)

WILBERFORCE:
Here we are ladies. Tea and lardy johns. One flask between three. Mugs on the trolley.

(FX: TOOLS PUT DOWN, LADIES GET MUGS)

MILLICENT:
Thank you Ma'am. Good of you to wheel this all the way out here.

WILBERFORCE:
No trouble at all dear. How are you getting on, Millicent?

MILLICENT:
Just about finished, ma'am. Six holes. Ten feet down. Exactly as marked on the plan.

WILBERFORCE:
We can always rely on the ladies of the Institute.

MILLICENT:
Happy to get our hands dirty. Digging for England, what? Good practice turning over the cricket pitch last year.

WILBERFORCE:
I remember.

MILLICENT:
A few holes in the Rogersons' potato field are a cinch compared to that.

WILBERFORCE:
It will all be worth it in the end.

MILLICENT:
You think Jerry's really on his way?

WILBERFORCE:
Our Captain Petherbridge had an urgent communiqué from the War Office. This field will become strategically significant.

MILLICENT:
Good-oh, Ma'am. Glad to do our bit. (CALLING) Back to it, girls. A few more feet.

(FX: LADIES GOING OFF AND PICKING UP TOOLS)

WILBERFORCE:
There'll be extra rations laid on at the Swan for you all.

MILLICENT:
No need for that, Ma'am. Let the youngsters and old folk have them.

WILBERFORCE:
That's the spirit. That's how we'll win the war! Carry on ladies.

REPRISE:

VANEESH:
Any threat to a Mardak monopoly must be removed. With extreme prejudice. Kallak.

KALLAK:
Facilitator?

VANEESH:
Incinerate the competition.

YOUNG MEL:
No!

(CONTINUES INTO:)

Scene 41: EXT. BUCHAN HILL FOREST, EDGE OF GOLF COURSE [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: B/G HUM OF VALANXIUM CHANNEL)

KALLAK:
Erm. You can't do that, Vaneesh. Competitor incineration requires prior approval from the HomeCorp. He might have assets we need to strip.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Sensible fellow… Kallak was it? My assets are all in my head. No material value, but incalculable worth. (ASIDE) I'm afraid I can't count you as an asset, sorry, mini-Mel.

YOUNG MEL:
I'd probably be offended if I'd any idea what was going on…

VANEESH:
Who are you talking to? Anyway… my colleague may be correct. Scan shows no weapons. No known affiliated species. What are you? An independent?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
You could say that.

VANEESH:
Have you a… communicator somewhere? Wait… Is this part of the training?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
What do you think?

VANEESH:
Kallak… You said HomeCorp would be watching…

KALLAK:
Don't ask me. I'm just a humble Ship's Captain.

VANEESH:
'Scuse us. My… subordinate and I just need to micro-conference.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Don't mind me. Micro-conference away.

VANEESH:
(ASIDE, TO KALLAK) What do you think? A covert Assessor? I've heard HomeCorp plant them on training runs. Just the sort of left-field challenge they'd throw in to test green-sky thinking…

KALLAK:
Your call Vaneesh. If he's got local knowledge, he could be useful.

VANEESH:
(FX: PDA BEEPING) I'll just check my flowchart… Competitors… Independent consultants… (TO DOCTOR) Sorry. Shan't keep you.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I'm not going anywhere.

YOUNG MEL:
Doctor? Are you really going to help them!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(CLOSE, TO MEL) Don't worry mini-Mel. I know what I'm doing. Have you noticed?

YOUNG MEL:
(CLOSE) What?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(CLOSE) They can't see you. Which might have been an advantage if you weren't such a liability. As it is, you're invisible <u>and</u> ineffectual.

YOUNG MEL:
(CLOSE) You know, you're a very rude man.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(CLOSE) No point beating about the… bush. Go back to the village. Find my… assistant. Tell him it's this Valanxium Channel causing the trouble.

YOUNG MEL:
(CLOSE) You don't want my help?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(CLOSE) Sorry, mini-Mel. Too risky. I'll shut it down and send the Mardaks on their way. Make sure he knows - I solve both problems after all.

VANEESH:
Sorry to keep you… erm, who were you again?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I am known as the Doctor.

VANEESH:
Me too. We've all got DBA's these days, so I don't bother with the title. OK. So. I can onboard an independent consultant without HomeCorp authorisation so long as the costing's within point five percent of budget total.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Don't worry. There's no charge.

VANEESH:
Step this way. I've some forms on the ship.

KALLAK:
You sure about this Vaneesh?

VANEESH:
I'm sure I don't need you questioning my every decision!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Via your Valanxium Channel? A delta configuration if I'm not mistaken.

VANEESH:
You are HomeCorp. I knew it. A sub-five-thousand with delta protocols. Best-practice efficiency, I thought.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Off I pop, then. Keep doing as you're told. (POINTEDLY) Everyone.

YOUNG MEL:
Yes, Doctor.

(FX: DOCTOR ZIPS THROUGH CHANNEL)

VANEESH:
Carry on digging Kallak. I've an Assessor to impress.

KALLAK:
You heard the Facilitator. Let's get on with the real work.

(FX: DIGGING RESTARTS)

YOUNG MEL:
Great. I get to meet aliens and they can't even see me.

(WALKING OFF) I guess I'm not cut out for adventuring. Mr Petherbridge will be wondering where I am. He's always got things for me to do…

Scene 42: <u>EXT. FIELD (FUTURE SITE OF GOLF COURSE)</u>

(FX: SOUNDS OF A DOZEN LADIES FILLING HOLES)

(FX: CYCLE AND TROLLEY)

WILBERFORCE:
Here we are ladies. Tea and lardy johns. One flask between three. Mugs on the trolley.

(FX: TOOLS BEING PUT DOWN AS LADIES GET REFRESHMENTS)

MILLICENT:
Thank you Ma'am. Good of you to wheel this all the way out here.

WILBERFORCE:
No trouble at all dear. How are you getting on, Millicent?

MILLICENT:
Just about finished, ma'am. Blast caps attached. Holes almost filled. Detonation cords are all connected here.

WILBERFORCE:
We can always rely on the ladies of the Institute.

MILLICENT:
Happy to get our hands dirty. Digging for England, what? Good practice turning over the cricket pitch last… (BREAKS OFF, CONFUSED) You know, I could have sworn we dug this field over too.

WILBERFORCE:
Really, dear?

MILLICENT:
Must have dreamt it! This bally war. The days become one sometimes.

WILBERFORCE:
Don't I know it, dear.

MILLICENT:
(CALLING) Back to it, girls. A few more shovels and we're done.

(FX: LADIES GOING OFF AND PICKING UP TOOLS)

WILBERFORCE:
There'll be extra rations laid on at the Swan for you all.

MILLICENT:
No need for that Ma'am. Let the youngsters and old folk have them.

WILBERFORCE:
Somehow, I knew you'd say that. (BEAT) It's… so good to see you again, Millicent.

MILLICENT:
The… planning meeting was only last night… (BEAT) You all right, Ma'am? You seem a little distracted.

WILBERFORCE:
Sorry. As you say, it's one long day. Carry on ladies.

Scene 43: <u>INT. MARDAK SHIP</u>

(FX: VALANXIUM CHANNEL HUM, FLASHES AS DOCTOR AND VANEESH EMERGE)

VANEESH:
Just wait here. I'll formalise the paperwork. Bear with me, it's my first invasion – as if you didn't know.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Well, you're doing very well. So this is your Channel control chamber?

VANEESH:
I'm sure you're familiar with the set-up. Watercooler's over there. Take a seat. There's the comms. Buzz if you need anything.

(FX: SHIP DOOR SWISH)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Valanxium. Such a clumsy means of travel. And a dangerous one. (FX: TYPING AND BEEPS THROUGH) I do like a co-operative computer.

Valanxium pod in the hold… Twenty… twenty-five units. The Channel's using… point zero zero two per minute.

Let's see… More unstable than I thought. They haven't even shielded it correctly. Some fine adjustments to the settings, I think. Can't have this Channel left open once we get back…

And a communicator, eh? Let's see if there's anyone out there worth talking to.

Scene 44: <u>EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF WW I ARMY CAMP 1915, HORSHAM ROAD</u>

(FX: B/G TROOP DRILL THROUGHOUT)

PETHERBRIDGE:
1915. The British Army encampment. I've saved this particular task for you, Muriel.

WILBERFORCE:
Look at them, Mr Petherbridge. Our boys. They are magnificent. I thought I might see my Francis, but he went over in 1914…

PETHERBRIDGE:
Now I don't want you upsetting yourself. It will all be worth it in the end.

WILBERFORCE:
Seeing Millicent. Seeing all my ladies again. It brings it all back. (BEAT) We thought <u>this</u> was the War to end all Wars. But there we were. Twenty years later. It happened all over again.

PETHERBRIDGE:
History has no mercy, Mrs Wilberforce. No conscience. (BEAT) Now. The… detonators?

WILBERFORCE:
Back then. Back now, I mean. The first time. I wanted to go over. Volunteer. Francis was so particular about his tea, I thought they'd never get it right without me…

PETHERBRIDGE:
The blasting caps and cords are in the store behind the officers' tents. I shall occupy them while you fill this kitbag.

WILBERFORCE:
Of course I couldn't go. There was Frank Junior to consider. Two years old. It was hard enough he never saw his daddy again.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Now, Muriel. I told you not to fret. If you like, I'll give this job to Jedediah?

WILBERFORCE:
No, Mr Petherbridge. Stapleton. Please. Let me do this.

PETHERBRIDGE:
If you're absolutely certain…

WILBERFORCE:

Look at them. So eager. So keen to get to Flanders. Wipers was the last place he… (BEAT) When will I see him? My Francis?

PETHERBRIDGE:
It's… not quite time for that yet.

WILBERFORCE:
No. Of course. I have to collect these things… and then…

PETHERBRIDGE:
And then, your friend Millicent can pop them in the holes.

WILBERFORCE:
When you explained before… it all made sense. But I can't seem to fit it together now. How does it work again?

PETHERBRIDGE:
Now, now. Chin up Muriel. Best foot forward. Don't forget what I said-

WILBERFORCE:
Yes, Mr Petherbridge. It'll all be worth it in the end.

(FX: WILBERFORCE TAKES BAG AND WALKS OFF)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Indeed it will, my dear. Indeed it will.

Scene 45: <u>EXT. BUCHAN HILL FOREST</u>

(FX: WALKING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH)

YOUNG MEL:
Oh no… I'll be late! Why am I in these woods again?

JED:
(ARRIVING) Melanie! My own Melanie.

YOUNG MEL:
I'm not talking to you, Jed. Not after… (BEAT) Why was I cross with you?

JED:
Dunno, missy. Always something it seems. Tell you what, come to the Swan with me tonight. I'll make amends. Whatever it is I've done.

YOUNG MEL:
Seventies night isn't it?

JED:
Could do with an ale. Just seen meself being dragged through the gate in chains.

YOUNG MEL:
You say the strangest things. Mind you, I've just seen something very odd myself… I think. Can't quite remember now… Something… purple?

JED:
Made me ponder. When I first got here… me and the lads hid out in the woods. Then old Petherbridge turned up. With his proposal.

YOUNG MEL:
Every day's the same to me. Usually. Today's been different… I think. There was someone… a Doctor?

JED:
I try not to think about it. Ties me brains in knots it does.

YOUNG MEL:
That's the thing. I don't think about it at all… I can't. But I'm sure there's a reason I'm here. Something happened. On the golf course.

JED:

Back and forth. Back and forth he has me running, like a bob-tailed bunny. But it'll all be worth it (WITH MEL) in the end.

YOUNG MEL:
(JOINS IN) In the end… How long have you known me Jed?

JED:
Sometimes I think we just met. Others… it's like I've known you all my life, Melanie. But this never happened in my life. That's what I mean, see. Best not to think about it.

YOUNG MEL:
All your life. Yes, I remember. You can see it, can't you?

JED:
Laid out like a story in my head. I know where I was born. Where I lived. Where I… died.

YOUNG MEL:
What did he promise you, Jed?

JED:
Freedom.

YOUNG MEL:
I know I've a past. A family. I know what's happening out in the world… 1987… But, what's the future, Jed?

JED:
We've talked about this before. You never remember.

YOUNG MEL:
No. I don't. I see where everybody's story goes but my own.

Scene 46: <u>EXT. OUTSIDE ATC STATION</u>

(FX: WALKING ON GRAVEL PATH)

BLUE DOCTOR:
If you did do something back there, and it wasn't purely down to my escapology skills…

MEL:
I told you Doctor. I could see the possibilities unfolding in front of me.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Don't do it again, please? We don't know what the effect might be. Your younger self is not herself at all. If you see what I mean.

MEL:
You think Petherbridge is controlling her?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Among other things. Somehow he's thrown causality out the window. And he didn't even have to open it first. (STOPPING) It's centred here.

MEL:
The radar station?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Have you noticed? The walk gets shorter every time. (FX: OPENS DOOR)

Scene 47: INT. ATC STATION [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: B/G AS BEFORE)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(JUST OFF) Hello? Anyone home?

MEL:
(ENTERING) Look at this set-up! Now here's something I can understand. A computer keyboard.

(FX: TAPPING AT KEYS - COMPUTER BEEPS IN RESPONSE)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(FOLLOWING) Yes. Let's put those much-vaunted skills of yours to the test, eh?

MEL:
(TYPING) I've never actually been here before… I certainly never worked here.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Most of this equipment shouldn't be here either. It's far more than a simple tracking station.

MEL:
(FX: TYPING) Strange. These systems seem very familiar… There. Done it.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Done what?

MEL:
Opened a back-door to the shell-program. You can see the subroutines… I think that's a memory map, but I've got to admit I've no idea what these processes are doing.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Melanie Bush. You are a marvel. If you didn't exist I'd have to invent you!

MEL:
Thanks, Indigo!

BLUE DOCTOR:
I told you, Mel, it's Inigo- (BREAKS OFF, SUDDENLY REALIZING) Perfect recall. You said when you aligned events… It was like arranging your memories.

MEL:
Putting things into logical sequences. It just comes naturally. You know I've got-

BLUE DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) An eidetic memory. Oh no. This <u>is</u> a memory map. One particular person's memory.

MEL:
You don't mean…

BLUE DOCTOR:
I'm afraid so. Alternate timelines wink in and out of existence constantly. Every decision you make, every choice made by anyone, splinters into an infinite number of realities. If you're going to try and monitor them, you need something much more powerful than a computer.

A.T.C. It's not Air Traffic Control. It's an Alternate Timeline Control!

MEL:
That mish-mash of history outside. It's being run from here?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Not just here. He's using your remarkable memory to manipulate the timelines.

MEL:
(REALIZING) The other me. You said she was… lacking. Half her mind's being used as a memory buffer… No wonder she seems scatty!

BLUE DOCTOR:
More than half I'd say. But how's he made the link?

MEL:
And why don't I remember any of this?

BLUE DOCTOR:
She could be an alternative you. Cauterised time, remember.

MEL:
And what ***<u>happens</u>*** in cauterised time, ***<u>stays</u>*** in cauterised time?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Only in this case, I don't think Petherbridge wants it to.

MEL:
He wants to break out.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Mel. You're in danger. I shouldn't have brought you here.

MEL:
But Doctor-

BLUE DOCTOR:
Find my other self. If I remember rightly, he's about to make a call. I'll send him to you.

MEL:
Where will he be?

BLUE DOCTOR:
On the golf course.

MEL:
Hardly the best time for pitch and putt!

BLUE DOCTOR:
That's not a bad idea. It'd keep him out of trouble. Stay away from your younger self. Go!

(FX: BUZZ OF COMMUNICATION)

MEL:
(RUNNING OUT) Understood! Good luck, Indigo!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(VIA INTERCOM) Hello. Doctor calling Doctor. Come in Doctor.

CROSS TO:

Scene 48: <u>INT. MARDAK SHIP</u>

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Come in, Doctor.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(VIA INTERCOM) I am receiving you.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
There you are, Doctor. Now listen carefully. I'm in a Mardak vessel. Geostationary orbit. Directly above Pease Pottage radar.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(VIA INTERCOM) You do realise this is completely pointless?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
It's got a cargo of valanxium.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(VIA INTERCOM) Which is showing signs of instability. Yes. I remember. Come back to Earth.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
But listen. There's a consortium of Mardaks here-

BLUE DOCTOR:
(VIA INTERCOM) And you think they're digging for something which doesn't exist. Look. You can't tell me anything I don't already know. <u>You</u> need to listen to me-

CROSS TO:

Scene 49: INT. ATC STATION

(FX: B/G AS BEFORE)

BLUE DOCTOR:
Get back to the mine. I've sent Mel A. Keep her away from Mel B. Whatever you do, don't [try to]-

(FX: CUTS OFF COMMS)

PETHERBRIDGE:
That's quite enough of that. Talking to yourself, Doctor? Isn't that the first sign of madness?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Petherbridge. I'm afraid I must defer to your expertise in that particular field…

Scene 50: INT. MARDAK SHIP

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Hello? Hello? It's a Valanxium Channel, but I've fixed it.

(FX: DOOR SWISH)

VANEESH:
(ENTERING) Authorisation posted and approved. Erm. What were you doing?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Trying to… order a frappachino?

VANEESH:
I've got so many sharings on motivational behaviours to inter-present. I'm passionate about HomeCorp's future going forward. (FX: COMMUNICATOR) Kallak. I'm shifting your end of the Channel into the mine. Fifty metres down.

KALLAK:
(VIA COM) Copy that, Vaneesh.

VANEESH:
(AT CONTROLS) Have you… touched these controls?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Just… checking your work.

VANEESH:
OK. Let's head back. After you, Assessor. I mean – Doctor.

Scene 51: <u>EXT. BUCHAN HILL FOREST</u>

(FX: JED AND YOUNG MEL WALKING)

JED:
All I'm saying is, it don't do to think too hard about these things. Way I see it, we're here. Might as well enjoy ourselves.

YOUNG MEL:
I know. You're right. I just-

JED:
Come here.

YOUNG MEL:
I'm going to be late…

(FX: THEY HUG AND SMOOCH)

(FX: TWIGS SNAPPING AND FOOTSTEPS)

YOUNG MEL:
Someone's coming. Who's there?

(FX: MEL EMERGES FROM WOODS)

MEL:
Oh, sorry… This is embarrassing. Er. Hello.

JED:
Oh my days. Is Christmas come early?

YOUNG MEL:
So you're the Mel Bush everyone thinks is so great.

MEL:
I'm sorry. Again. I didn't mean to… Look. I know I'm supposed to stay away, but I've got to ask. What are you even doing here?

YOUNG MEL:
That's the million dollar question. What am I doing here? Everyone else has jobs to do, but all I'm good for is cleaning up after them.

MEL:
But… it's 1987. You should be away at university.

YOUNG MEL:
Sorry not to meet your high standards, but I don't remember ever getting accepted.

JED:
I don't suppose you'd like to come for an ale with us tonight. We could all get acquainted.

YOUNG MEL:
Go away, Jed.

JED:
No harm in asking, is there?

MEL:
Something's happened to you, Mel. I don't care what the Doctor says. I'm going to help you.

JED:
Don't suppose there's anything I-

MEL:
You heard her. Go away, Jed.

JED:
(GOING OFF) All right, all right. A fella can feel unloved, you know.

YOUNG MEL:
Thanks. I don't think I can cope with him right now. On top of everything else. Oh no. I should be at the hall.

MEL:
I'll come with you. It's a good a place as any to get started.

YOUNG MEL:
I need to rehearse. (BEAT) Get started on what?

MEL:
What's the matter? Never heard of self-help?

Scene 52: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

(FX: B/G AS BEFORE)

BLUE DOCTOR:
One thing I've noticed. The people, the events, the dinosaurs-

PETHERBRIDGE:
We've dealt with them.

BLUE DOCTOR:
This is a pot pourri of Pease Pottage past, there's nothing from the future.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Because tomorrow belongs to me.

BLUE DOCTOR:
With one exception. Telepathic circuitry? There's never been any in Pease Pottage.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Oh but there has, Doctor. Twice over. At least.

BLUE DOCTOR:
My… TARDIS. How did you get access?

PETHERBRIDGE:
It's the other way around. She has passed through me. So many times.

BLUE DOCTOR:
You're a creature of the vortex.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Yes Doctor. I am a Time Demon!

BLUE DOCTOR:
Time Demon? There's no such thing!

PETHERBRIDGE:
There is. Was. And always will be.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Nonsense. You're a has-been. A never-was. An afterthought with malice aforethought. An idea that's got above its station. Take Pease Pottage and you think you own the world.

PETHERBRIDGE:
I control the now. I have nixed the causal nexus.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Nixed, eh? Yes, that's what you are. A nix. A nuisance, a Sussex knucker. A pest. Time Demon? More like a Time Louse.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Your opinion counts for nothing Doctor. You will become the irrelevance.

BLUE DOCTOR:
These plans. These events. You're getting your ducks in a row. Even though some haven't hatched, and others are sitting in a piquant orange sauce…

PETHERBRIDGE:
Accusing me of 'fowl' play, Doctor? But you're the one whose goose has been cooked.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Forget the 'poultry' puns, Petherbridge. You tried to blow me up.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Yes. Melanie's… capabilities are impressive.

BLUE DOCTOR:
As I thought. A test. To see if she could manipulate the timelines as well as your captive Mel. I didn't think you really wanted rid of me.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Don't flatter yourself. It matters not what happens to you. Mel's the important one. She's the weak point in space and time. Her travels with you, they twist and turn upon themselves. The strands of Time tangle around her.

BLUE DOCTOR:
No…

PETHERBRIDGE:
You've bounced her through the temporal universe so far and so wide… You should see what I see, Time Lord. They throng to her like moths to a flame. The Vortisaurs, the Chronovores, the Pantophageans — the creeping, swarming things of the Vortex. They all want a piece.

But she is mine! Pease Pottage's most influential daughter. Miss Melanie Bush.

Scene 53: <u>INT. VILLAGE HALL</u>

(FX: BOTH MELS WALK IN)

MEL:
The Village Hall. I remember the first time I got up on this stage. Angel Gabriel in the nativity. 1973. (FX: CLIMBING ON STAGE)

YOUNG MEL:
And 1974. And 1975.

MEL:
After that I was more interested in reciting the periodic table… Though there were a couple of mum's Abba-themed fundraisers. You must remember them too?

YOUNG MEL:
(FX: CLIMBING ON STAGE) (TRANCELIKE) Pease Pottage hot. Pease Pottage cold.

MEL:
I know that one.

YOUNG MEL:
Pease Pottage in the pot one day old.

MEL:
That's not how it goes… (DAZED) I… I… (ENTRANCED) Yes. Yes it is. I remember…

YOUNG MEL:
It's time.

Scene 54: <u>INT. PIT, GOLF COURSE</u>

(FX: B/G HUM OF VALANXIUM CHANNEL, FLASH OF DOCTOR AND VANEESH EMERGING)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Nice… er, hole you've dug here. Very… functional. (BEAT) What are they? Embedded in the walls up there?

KALLAK:
Local detritus. You neglected to bring any ladders, Vaneesh. You two, with me. We'll get platforms from the ship.

(FX: KALLAK AND MARDAKS FLASH THROUGH CHANNEL)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
They look like… boxes. Can you scan them from here?

VANEESH:
Actioning… (FX: SCANNER) Potassium nitrite. Sulphur. Some carbonised material.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Oh no. Black powder.

VANEESH:
Beg pardon?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
A primitive but very effective explosive. We may have a problem. Quickly – back through the Channel!

VANEESH:
Stay right where you are everyone. Nobody on my team gives up. There are no problems. Only challenges.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Well I look forward to seeing how you address the 'challenge' of being blown to kingdom come. Now move, before it-

(FX: VALANXIUM CHANNEL CUTS OUT)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Ah.

VANEESH:
What happened to my Valanxium Channel?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I… er, programmed it to shut down. We're stuck. This isn't just a hole, Vaneesh. Your men have dug their own grave. And I've just put the nail in the coffin.

Scene 55: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

(FX: B/G AS BEFORE)

BLUE DOCTOR:
So, my other self is walking into a trap. But if he's killed…

PETHERBRIDGE:
All you've done since you were him. Wiped from existence. Your travels with the scholar, the thief, the girls you met and never met… or are they yet to come?

BLUE DOCTOR:
You can't…

PETHERBRIDGE:
Everything. Deleted from the timelines. Such sweet chaos! So many lives will unhappen. This world alone will be destroyed again and again.

BLUE DOCTOR:
That's what you feed on. The chaos.

PETHERBRIDGE:
I breathe the time winds. But the vortex is dry. Barren. Out there's a banquet of possibilities. Creatures with free will.

Your past self will perish. Consumed in the Mardaks' destruction. Your footprint extends across space and time. I wonder what the universe will be without you? (BEAT) No. I know. It will be mine.

BLUE DOCTOR:
But if I die when I'm him… what happens to me?

PETHERBRIDGE:
You become an anachronism. This pocket will collapse and the raving, starving parasites of the Vortex will feast on you. Listen. They're coming!

(FX: GATHERING WINDS OUTSIDE)

BLUE DOCTOR:
No…

PETHERBRIDGE:
Run, Doctor! Run! But where will you go? To save your other self. Or your companion? Decisions, decisions.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(FX: RUNS TO DOOR) Mel. I've got to find Mel.

PETHERBRIDGE:
The circle closes. I bring about my own existence. And take my place in reality.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(FX: OPENING DOOR, HOWLING WINDS OUTSIDE) I'll stop you, Petherbridge!

PETHERBRIDGE:
(LAUGHING) How delicious. A Time Lord who's run out of time!

Scene 56: <u>EXT. GOLF COURSE</u>

(FX: B/G HUM OF VALANXIUM CHANNEL)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(CALLING, OFF IN PIT) Hello? Is there someone up there?

JED:
(IGNORING DOCTOR) Well. Here we are Mrs W.

WILBERFORCE:
Here we are Master Thurwell. You know how it works?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(CALLING, OFF) We seem to be trapped inside a very large bomb.

JED:
Just press down on this ‘ere handle.

WILBERFORCE:
That’s right. Who’d have thought I’d be relying on a young hooligan to bring about a better world. Ready?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(CALLING, OFF) Can anyone hear me?

JED:
Ready.

WILBERFORCE:
Three… Two…

Scene 57: <u>INT. VILLAGE HALL</u>

(FX: B/G HOWLING WINDS OUSIDE)

YOUNG MEL:
Pease Pottage hot. Pease Pottage cold. Pease Pottage in the pot one hour old.

(OTHER MEL STARTS RECITAL OVER THIS) Some like it hot. Some like it cold. Some like it in the pot two minutes old.

MEL:
(RECITING OVER OTHER IN ROUND) Pease Pottage hot. Pease Pottage cold. Pease Pottage in the pot, two minutes old

BLUE DOCTOR:
(BURSTING IN) Mel! Please listen. You've got to stop.

(OVER MEL) You're undoing my life! You're destroying me!

MEL:
(RECITING, UNDER DOCTOR) Some like it hot. Some like it cold. (ALONE) Some like it in the pot thirty seconds old.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

Scene 58: <u>EXT. PEASE POTTAGE TOLLGATE, NIGHT, 1809 [FLASHBACK]</u>

(FX: B/G OWL HOOTS)

PETHERBRIDGE:
(FX: HUGGING SELF TO KEEP WARM) (HUMMING) Pease Pottage hot. Pease Pottage cold. Pease Pottage in the pot… (BREAKS OFF) (FX: SCRAPES LADLE IN POT) The pot's empty, Stapleton. I'd sell my immortal soul for some nice, hot…

(FX: HORSE TROTS UP)

RIDER:
Bitter night, is it not, tollkeeper?

PETHERBRIDGE:
Aye, sir. You wish passage, sir?

RIDER:
That I do. What's the toll for Pease Pottage Gate?

PETHERBRIDGE:
One horse. That'd be sixpence sir.

(FX: HORSE WALKS AWAY)

RIDER:
(GOING SLIGHTLY OFF) There's the rub, toll-man. I'm afraid the innkeeper's had my silver tonight.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Hold, sir. I see what you're at. Don't you try it!

(FX: HORSE BEGINS RUN)

RIDER:
Out of the way little man!

PETHERBRIDGE:
You can't jump the gate!

(FX: HORSE GALLOPS AND JUMPS GATE, PETHERBRIDGE CHASES DOWN ROAD)

RIDER:
Watch me! (CALLING, GOING OFF) Pay you next time!

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

PETHERBRIDGE:
(RUNNING) You have to pay the toll! (GIVING UP CHASE) Everybody has to pay the toll.

(FX: HUGE EXPLOSION)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Lord preserve us… What was that? In the trees…

(FX: PUSHING THROUGH FOLIAGE, HUM OF VALANXIUM CHANNEL)

PETHERBRIDGE:
A blazing gateway… The fires of perdition?

(FX: 'NIX' SWOOPS OUT OF CHANNEL, SCREAMING)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Stay back! Get away from me- Aaaaargh! (FX: CONSUMED BY NIX)

PETHERBRIDGE:
(CALM) Look at this life. Stapleton Petherbridge. Tollkeeper. Born 1758. Died 1812. An ignominious end three years hence. In fear. In terror. Alone in the dark on tempestuous seas. Nobody would want that… I… would not want that.

What possibilities inhabit this patch of earth? This 'Pease Pottage'. Who's been here…? Who's to come? Where is <u>she</u>…?

[WILDTRACKS FADE IN, CROSS-FADING OVER EACH OTHER IN A MONTAGE:

WILLIAM COBBETT:
(THROUGH REST) Go two miles along the road to Brighton; then you turn to the right and go over six of the worst miles in England… The first two of these miserable miles go though the estate of Lord Erskine… a bare heath here and there, in the better parts of it, some scrubby birch. It has been, in part, planted with fir—trees, which are as ugly as the heath was; and, in short, it is a most villanous track.

VARIOUS VOICES:
Three cheers for Her Majesty — Hip hip — hooray!

(FX: CROWD CHEERS)

We shall oppose this blight on the landscape. Say no to the motorway!

(FX: THWACK OF BALL, APPLAUSE)

Fore! Good shot sir. On the green in one.

(FX: VINTAGE CAR ENGINES)

London to Brighton… Fourteen miles per hour? They'll kill someone at that speed.

(FX: DINOSAUR CHARGE AND ROAR)

(FX: PUB AMBIENCE)

Pint of lager and a whisky and ginger for mum.

(FX: CONVICTS IN CHAINS)

Enjoy the view. No fields where you're going.

END WILDTRACKS]

PETHERBRIDGE:
Melanie Jane Bush… I sense her… she's near…

MEL:
(MULTIPLE VOICES) I can't stay here, not now. Not on one small planet when there's so much to find out out there. Please don't say I have to stay behind.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Sooner. Need to be sooner…

MEL:
(MULTIPLE VOICES) I've got the letter, mum. From London. Put the kettle on. We'll open it together.

PETHERBRIDGE:
There! Tug the threads of causality… Now… to forge the links to reach her.

Scene 59: <u>INT. PEASE POTTAGE VILLAGE HALL</u>

(FX: B/G HOWLING TIME WINDS OUTSIDE)

[YOUNG MEL:
(THROUGH FOLLOWING) Pease Pottage hot. Pease Pottage cold. Pease Pottage in the pot, twenty seconds old.

Some like it hot. Some like it cold. Some like it in the pot ten seconds old.

Pease Pottage hot. Pease Pottage cold. Pease Pottage in the pot, five seconds old.

Some like it hot. Some like it cold. Some like it in the pot-
(FX: GETS PUNCHED OUT)]

BLUE DOCTOR:
(OVER YOUNG MEL) Concentrate, Mel. Please, you must listen!

MEL:
(OVER YOUNG MEL) (WAKING FROM TRANCE) Doctor? Is… is that you?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(OVER YOUNG MEL) Thank goodness. You can hear. We must stop her. She's wiping out my past!

MEL:
(OVER YOUNG MEL) Hello? Wake up!

BLUE DOCTOR:
(OVER YOUNG MEL) It's no use…

MEL:
(OVER YOUNG MEL) Right. Desperate times…

(FX: PUNCH – YOUNG MEL FALLS TO FLOOR. TIME WINDS FADE)

MEL:
…Call for a punch to the jaw. (NURSING HAND) Ow. I don't know my own strength.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Indeed. Remind me never to get on the wrong side of you.

MEL:
She's out cold. I didn't mean to…

BLUE DOCTOR:
No, I dare say you didn't… But you've stopped it. For now.

MEL:
What was that noise?

BLUE DOCTOR:
The sound of this reality collapsing on itself.

MEL:
I saw it. The gunpowder in the mine! We've got to stop that explosion!

BLUE DOCTOR:
Actually… I already have. Petherbridge isn't the only one who can load the dice.

(FX: TAKES FUSE WIRES FROM POCKET AND DROPS THEM ON FLOOR)

MEL:
Wires?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Detonator cords. Back when I arrived, you sent me after my younger self. I heard that explosion's echo. And found these sticking out of the fifteenth fairway.

MEL:
So you pulled them out?

BLUE DOCTOR:
If nothing else, they'd have ruined anyone's chance of a birdie.

Scene 60: <u>EXT. BUCHAN HILL FOREST, ABOVE PIT</u>

JED:
Try again. Three. Two. One. Push.

(FX: DETONATOR HANDLE)

WILBERFORCE:
Nothing.

JED:
Should these boxes be connected to something?

WILBERFORCE:
The wires. They're gone. I don't understand.

JED:
You and me both, Mother Wilberforce.

WILBERFORCE:
This was supposed to be the end of it. Our new world.

JED:
What's he expect us to do now?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(OFF, IN PIT) Hello? Is there someone up there?

Scene 61: <u>EXT. IN VALANXIUM MINE, GOLF COURSE</u>

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I think they've gone.

VANEESH:
You… closed my Channel?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
An initiative test. To test… inside-the-box thinking. I didn't expect sabotage. Fortunately, you had the foresight to send your Captain back to the ship…

VANEESH:
I did? I did! (INTO COMMUNICATOR) Kallak, you read me, Captain?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I'll be a lot happier when I'm not standing under six crates of gunpowder.

KALLAK:
(VIA COMMUNICATOR) Vaneesh. Re-initialising your Channel. We're experiencing some unusual phenomena.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I'm sure they are. Explain to me again why you're digging? Your 'prob-jective'?

VANEESH:
We're here for the valanxium.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
That's what I thought. You do know it doesn't exist here?

VANEESH:
There's a signal. We picked it up directly overhead. Traced it here. Look. It's still showing. (FX: SCANNER)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
You haven't a clue, have you… ? (TAKING SCANNER) Let me. Valanxium is chronically unstable. It decays backwards through time. This trace is from something that isn't here yet.

VANEESH:
Then we wait!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
How many people are down here?

VANEESH:
Two teams of twelve. Plus me.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
With an average of… what? Ten years service running Channels?

VANEESH:
Experience isn't necessarily-

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
You're riddled with valanxium. Bury you lot and you create a deposit that'd take… two hundred years to decay. Backwards. *You're* the trace.

(FX: CHANNEL OPENING)

KALLAK:
(VIA COMMUNICATOR) Channel open.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Let's not let that happen, eh?

Scene 62: <u>INT. PEASE POTTAGE VILLAGE HALL</u>

MEL:
How is she? The younger me?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Don't touch! I'm not sure Blinovitch had a special theory for cauterised time, but I'd rather not push our luck. (CHECKS UNCONSCIOUS MEL) Unconscious. Oblivious. Let her rest for now.

MEL:
I thought she might be an alternative me… if I'd missed university, or kept up dance with Miss Fairs instead of trips to the Science Museum with Uncle John… But… she's missing so much.

BLUE DOCTOR:
We can't know for sure. Her memory's occupied by the ATC. I should get back there.

MEL:
I'm coming with you.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Oh no you're not. His processor's out of action. Petherbridge will be looking for a back-up.

MEL:
I've got to do something.

BLUE DOCTOR:
See if you can persuade that boyfriend of hers to bring me some gunpowder.

MEL:
He's not her boyfriend.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Try anyway. He's up by the golf course. I've a theory I'd like to test.

MEL:
With explosives?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Yes. I do seem to spend an inordinate amount of time in this regeneration blowing things up.

Scene 63: INT. ATC STATION

(FX: B/G AS BEFORE)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Why hasn't it worked? Why am I still in this pocket?

(FX: TAPPING KEYS)

It's… expanding again. Where's the control? Where's Melanie…

The valanxium surge? Where are the Mardak bodies?

(ANGRY) What have you done, Doctor?

Scene 64: <u>INT. MARDAK SHIP</u>

(FX: ENGINES IN FLIGHT, THEN POWERING DOWN)

KALLAK:
See. Same again. Fly a thousand metres from geostationary, we arrive back where we started.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Fascinating, Captain.

KALLAK:
So we tried the Channels. Thought we could bunny-hop out. But we can't extend one further than a klick in any direction other than straight down.

VANEESH:
I don't understand. (WHISPERS) Is this part of the assessment?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
So. Much as I'd like you to leave, you can't. Not until you've paid the toll.

VANEESH:
Toll? What toll?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Didn't you think it suspicious, a sudden valanxium signal in a sector with no previous record?

VANEESH:
I don't question opportunities. I take them!

PETHERBRIDGE:
(ARRIVING) A commendable attitude. Excuse me. Your door was open. I wonder. Might I interest you in a business opportunity?

Scene 65: <u>EXT. BUCHAN HILL FOREST</u>

MEL:
So, you're clear. Take the cart from the green back to Mr Petherbridge at the radar.

JED:
Yes, Miss. Bossy little madam, ain't you? Not like *<u>my</u>*- [Mel]

MEL:
Just do it, will you?

(FX: JED LEAVES THROUGH WOODS)

WILBERFORCE:
Young Melanie could learn from you, dear. (BEAT) Mr Petherbridge didn't really send you, did he?

MEL:
I'm sorry. He's tricked you into doing his dirty work. The Doctor's here to help.

WILBERFORCE:
Are you going back there? To the radar?

MEL:
I'm supposed to stay away.

WILBERFORCE:
I wanted to believe in him. That everything he promised would come true. That it'd all be worth it in the end.

MEL:
That's what he said?

WILBERFORCE:
I was at the post office. After the war. They said I should've retired. But I said I'll decide when I'm ready, thank you very much. Then he walked in. He showed me my wedding day. 1910.

We found each other late, my Francis and I… Wasted so much time…

MEL:
What did he promise you?

WILBERFORCE:
Certainty. Things would stop… changing. Go back to how they were. We'd have the time we missed.

MEL:
It wouldn't be real. You already know the life you lived.

WILBERFORCE:
We just had to complete these chores… It all fitted together… I do like to keep myself busy.

MEL:
I knew your… grandson, I think. Mr Wilberforce ran the post office in my day.

WILBERFORCE:
Martin. Frank Junior's boy. His mother was that Jeannie. Wore too much makeup. Couldn't fold a napkin to save her life.

MEL:
You shouldn't judge by appearances, you know. The family seemed very happy.

WILBERFORCE:
I… think I want to go home now.

MEL:
(BEAT) All right. I can take you.

Scene 66: <u>INT. MARDAK SHIP</u>

VANEESH:
That's quite a proposal.

PETHERBRIDGE:
All of history. Millennia of human evolution in one square mile. As much manpower as you require. Thousands. Hundreds of thousands.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Don't listen to him. It's a trap.

VANEESH:
And you just need twenty five of my men to stay?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
In a trap.

VANEESH:
He's human. He's entitled to negotiate on behalf of his territory.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Of his trap.

PETHERBRIDGE:
It's a limited offer. Time is short.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
You see. He's rushing you. Did I mention it's a trap?

PETHERBRIDGE:
Who speaks for Mardak? You, Doctor? Or the Facilitator?

VANEESH:
Kallak. Micro-conference. One minute, gents!

PETHERBRIDGE:
(CLOSE) Any annoyance you might cause is tempered by the fact that you'll soon be eliminated.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(CLOSE) One question, Petherbridge... What did you do to Young Mel? I know she's uncoupled from the timelines - the Mardaks couldn't see her. But her brainpower's been compromised.

PETHERBRIDGE:
(CLOSE) Hers is a mayfly mind. No more than a day's worth of memories. The rest's required for… processing.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
That poor girl.

KALLAK:
(CLOSE) Facilitator, you can't seriously…

VANEESH:
There's always a need for manual labour at the practical end of the supply chain.

KALLAK:
The mines.

VANEESH:
I could network Channel-links all the way to Mardak Prime. The 'Vaneesh Distribuline'. I can see the logo already…

KALLAK:
You're talking about slaves.

VANEESH:
That's an ugly word. I prefer the term non-voluntary micro-budget functionary-stakeholders. (ALOUD) Mr Petherbridge — let's dialogue.

Scene 67: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

(FX: COMPUTER B/G, DOCTOR TYPING AND FLICKING SWITCHES)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(WORKING) Every technology passing through Pease Pottage. Cannibalised… Tracking timelines… converging here. On Mel.

And those two. The convict and the not-so-merry widow. You could have chosen anyone who visited at any point in history. Even royalty. Why them?

MEL:
(ENTERING) Doctor…

BLUE DOCTOR:
Mel! I told you to keep away from here.

WILBERFORCE:
(ENTERING) She's here to help me.

BLUE DOCTOR:
I was just untangling your history, Mrs Wilberforce. You've lived quite a life. Several times over it seems.

MEL:
Tell him, Muriel. What you told me.

WILBERFORCE:
My grandson, Martin. He went through the parish records. Family trees. Heritage. A Stapleton Petherbridge worked the Pease Pottage tollgate in the late 1700s.

MEL:
And the rest.

WILBERFORCE:
I was born in 1884.

MEL:
Which is when Jed said he died. And I was born in 1964.

WILBERFORCE:
The year I passed on.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Overlaps… You're links in a temporal daisy-chain! Keeping Petherbridge anchored to now. To you, Mel.

WILBERFORCE:
Will you take me back, dear? I'm ready.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Take you back..? (BEAT) No, Mel. If you allow the ATC inside your head-

MEL:
(INTERRUPTING) Don't you see? If I send them back where they belong, he's weakened.

BLUE DOCTOR:
It's too dangerous.

MEL:
I've promised.

WILBERFORCE:
I want to go. I'll make it easy.

MEL:
I can do it Doctor. I know I can.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Oh, I'm sure you can… (BEAT) Very well. But I'll be monitoring every nanosecond!

Scene 68: <u>INT. MRS WILBERFORCE'S LOUNGE, PEASE POTTAGE 1964</u>

(FX: B/G BIRDSONG OUTSIDE, STIRRING TEA, FRANK WALKS OVER)

FRANK:
Mum, Jeannie's made you a nice cup of tea. Another funny turn, eh? We've called Dr Weston to check you over. You'll see us all out, won't you mum…

MEL:
(V/O) Muriel Wilberforce. Born 1884. Lives all her life in Pease Pottage. One son. Francis Junior.

WILBERFORCE:
(FX: ECHOEY, DISCONNECTED) Frank. You're so like your father. How he'd have looked if he'd got to your age.

FRANK:
Mum? Can you hear me? Oh no… (FX: DROPPED CUP) (CALLING) Jeannie!

WILBERFORCE:
(FX: ECHOEY) Never liked her curtains. But I suppose she'll do. She'll look after him.

FRANK:
Mum? Jeannie! (FX: FADING OUT) Call an ambulance!

WILBERFORCE:
(FX: ECHOEY, FADING) Oh my, but it's pretty in the sunlight. My village. My home. My Pease Pottage.

Scene 69: INT. ATC STATION

BLUE DOCTOR:
Mel… Mel!

MEL:
(HEAVY INTAKE OF BREATH, AS IF SURFACING FROM UNDERWATER) D-Doctor?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Thank goodness. You did it. At quite considerable risk.

MEL:
(EXHAUSTED) Next up, Jed.

BLUE DOCTOR:
No. I can’t let you go through that again.

MEL:
But there’s no-one else.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Ah. I monitored your brain activity… so I could replicate it. I’ll take care of Master Thurwell. And Petherbridge.

MEL:
It’s still a risk.

BLUE DOCTOR:
This is all my fault, Mel. I shouldn't be here. I was… lonely. I wanted to chivvy Time along. I should know you can't force the hand of fate.

MEL:
What can I do?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Find my other self. He doesn’t have the benefit of my hindsight. Tell him I know where his TARDIS is.

MEL:
Go-between duties again? Where is he?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Currently on the Mardak ship. But planning a return.

MEL:
If he’s up there-

BLUE DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) No argument Mel. Go now!

MEL:
You haven't completely lost your rude streak.

BLUE DOCTOR:
I've just learned to ask nicely - most of the time.

MEL:
(LEAVING) Good luck, Indigo.

BLUE DOCTOR:
I think I've just had some. I remember where Petherbridge is.

Scene 70: <u>INT. MARDAK SHIP</u>

VANEESH:
Nobody? Nobody has the vision to volunteer for this very unique opportunity?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I think your crew know when something's too good to be true.

KALLAK:
That's it, Vaneesh. If you're risking my people, it's my business. I'm relieving you of responsibility.

VANEESH:
You can't do that. 'Captain'.

PETHERBRIDGE:
Office politics bore me. I'll have to hurry you.

(FX: ALARM)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
What's that alarm? Kallak?

KALLAK:
Our valanxium store – it's destabilising!

Scene 71: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

(FX: COMPUTER B/G)

JED:
(FX: KNOCKING AND ENTERING) Hello..? You! You slipped them knots then?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Yes. I suppose I should thank you.

JED:
Thought Mr P was here? Where's my Melanie?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(WORKING AT COMPUTER) She's not your Melanie. You've known each other less than a day.

JED:
That ain't right. You saw me get sprung. Weeks ago. Hid out in the woods… I… I…

BLUE DOCTOR:
This pocket only exists because I arrived twice over. You've been rewritten so many times, it just seems longer.

JED:
'Pocket'..?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Imagine the universe of space-time as a… giant trampoline. This time-pocket is a tiny trampoline suspended slightly above the first. The weight of my Ships is like a… cannonball. Stretching it. Weighing it down. Until the realities touch. And Mel is the pinpoint he'll use to rip through.

JED:
One question.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Yes.

JED:
What's a trampoline?

BLUE DOCTOR:
Never mind. You brought the gunpowder?

JED:
Outside, sir.

BLUE DOCTOR:
I need you to demolish the wall under the dish. While you're doing that, think about your future.

Scene 72: INT. MARDAK SHIP

(FX: ALARM)

KALLAK:
The readings are off the scale.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
The valanxium's disintegrating. You can't form a cauterised timepocket without expending temporal energy. The toll must be paid.

PETHERBRIDGE:
How right you are. Here. Mardak.

(FX: GRABS DEEREK, WHO STRUGGLES AND SCREAMS AS NECK IS SNAPPED)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Down you go.

(FX: FLASH AS MARDAK THROWN IN CHANNEL)

VANEESH:
He killed Deerek!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Snapped his neck and threw him down the Channel. To your pit.

PETHERBRIDGE:
That's one. Two dozen still to pay…

Scene 73: <u>EXT. OUTSIDE ATC STATION</u>

(FX: JED PILING CRATES)

YOUNG MEL:
Jed?

JED:
My Melanie! Where've you been?

YOUNG MEL:
I- I'm not sure. What are you doing?

JED:
I think… it's time I moved on.

YOUNG MEL:
Yes… it's time for me too.

JED:
I've a family waiting to happen. I guess they won't unless I go back.

YOUNG MEL:
We had… fun. At least I think we did.

JED:
Freedom's all very well. But if it's not real. If I can't trust my memories… What's the point?

YOUNG MEL:
You know where you should be.

JED:
I do, missy. Now, get inside. Gonna be a very big bang.

Scene 74: <u>INT. JED'S DEATHBED, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA 1880</u>

(FX: CHILDREN PLAYING OUTSIDE)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(V/O) Jedediah Thurwell. Born 1812. Transported to Victoria, Australia, 1849.

JED:
(FX: ECHOEY) Oh… This is where I was going. Yeah. I remember now…

BLUE DOCTOR:
(V/O) Worked his freedom. Married. Four children. Fifteen grandchildren.

JED:
If I'd never been caught, I'd never have come. Never met my Patsy.

(FX: TODDLER FOOTSTEPS, GIGGLING)

JED (OLD NOW):
Annie… that you, sweetheart? Copper curls… Just like your grandmother. I'd move mountains for a redhead… Always would.

(FX: TODDLER LAUGHING)

JED (OLD NOW):
Grandpappy needs a sleep now… A long, long sleep.

FADE BACK TO:

Scene 75: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

BLUE DOCTOR:
Died 1884. On his farm. Surrounded by family. A ripe old age of seventy-one. (BEAT)

(FX: EXPLOSION OUTSIDE, COLLAPSING RUBBLE)

BLUE DOCTOR:
Thank you, Jedediah. Now. To reel in the big fish.

Scene 76: <u>INT. MARDAK SHIP</u>

(FX: ALARM THROUGHOUT)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Who's next? You, prattling Facilitator?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Close the Channel!

KALLAK:
I can't!

PETHERBRIDGE:
Of course you can't. I control passage through the vortex. Even your crude conduit.

VANEESH:
Just… shoot him!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
It won't work!

VANEESH:
Here- let me-
(FX: GRABS BLASTER AND FIRES)

PETHERBRIDGE:
See. There is no effect- (FX: ECHO, DISTORT AND FLASH)

VANEESH:
No effect eh? He's vapourised.

KALLAK:
What just happened?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
At a guess. I think <u>I</u> might have stopped him.

Scene 77: <u>INT. BELOW DECKS, HMS GUERRIERE, 1812</u>

(FX: SEA BATTLE: CANNONS, SHOUTING)

CAPTAIN:
What the hell are you doing down here? Seaman Petherbridge? Back on deck!

BLUE DOCTOR:
(V/O) Stapleton Petherbridge. Born 1758. Impressed into His Majesty's navy 1810. Engaged in the Anglo-American conflict.

PETHERBRIDGE:
No! I don't want to die!

(FX: CANNONFIRE, CRIES OUTSIDE)

Not like this! Nooo! I will not-

(FX: EXPLOSION, SHIP HULL SPLINTERING)

Scene 78: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

BLUE DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING) Died… Died eighteen… twelve.

PETHERBRIDGE:
(FX: SCREECHING DISTORT) I'll not go gently, Time Lord. I'll unpick your lives one by one if I have to.

YOUNG MEL:
Doctor… What's happening?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING) I'm… trying to contain him. He's pulling apart my mind!

YOUNG MEL:
Move over. You need an expert.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING) What- what can you do? He won't accept his death.

YOUNG MEL:
Then I'll make him. Give him no other option. Just like he did to me.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Mel, No! You'll burn out your mind! It'll kill you!

YOUNG MEL:
(STRUGGLING) But… you're… more… important…

Scene 79: <u>INT. BELOW DECKS, HMS GUERRIERE, HIGH SEAS, 1812</u>

(FX: BATTLE AS BEFORE)

PETHERBRIDGE:
No! Not back here! I'm not dying on this ship!

(FX: CANNONFIRE, HULL SPLINTERS, SCREAMS)

(FX: DISTORTION)

Scene 80: <u>INT. UNDERGROUND MINE</u>

PETHERBRIDGE:
(SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH, SURFACING) I'm alive! But where? It's dark. (FX: MATCH STRIKE)

Underground… A mine? What are these crates? What's that… burning. Who lit the fuse?!

(FX: EXPLOSION)

(FX: DISTORTION)

Scene 81: <u>EXT. BRIGHTON ROAD</u>

PETHERBRIDGE:
(SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH, SURFACING) Where am I? It's bright. Daylight. The road. I'm lying on the Brighton road…

(FX: APPROACHING CARRIAGE)

Stop! Please stop! Can't you see me?! (SCREAMS)

(FX: CARRIAGE MANGLES HIM)

(FX: DISTORTION)

Scene 82: <u>EXT. PREHISTORIC HEATH</u>

PETHERBRIDGE:
(SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH, SURFACING) Where..? Where this time? Outside.

(FX: BARYONYX ROAR AND CHARGE)

PETHERBRIDGE:
Oh no. (SCREAMS) (FX: DINOSAUR DEVOURS HIM)

Scene 83: <u>INT. MARDAK SHIP</u>

(FX: ALARMS, FRANTIC ACTIVITY)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
This reality's got an energy deficit! If your corpses don't fill it, that valanxium will. Violently. Dump it.

KALLAK:
What?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(FX: TAPPING CONTROLS) There. I've linked a sub-Channel to your storage hold.

KALLAK:
How did you- ?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) I'm very clever.

VANEESH:
But… it's worth a fortune!

KALLAK:
It's the valanxium or us. (FX: COMMS) Kallak to Craden. You getting this?

MARDAK:
(VIA COMMS) Aye, sir. A Channel's just opened in the hold. We're moving the pod.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I'm going too. Give me thirty seconds to get clear.

KALLAK:
OK, Doctor. Go!

VANEESH:
Wait. You can't let this menial-

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Facilitator Vaneesh. Your crimes against semantics are matched only by your disregard for morality. Deal with her, Assessor Kallak.

(FX: FLASH OF CHANNEL AS DOCTOR DEPARTS)

VANEESH:
What did he call you? (BEAT) Is the Assessor coming back?

KALLAK:
I'm your Assessor. You can kiss goodbye to your DBA. I'll be recommending a placement in the valanxium mines on Mardak Prime. For practical experience.

VANEESH:
You can't… I'm a green guru in eight gamma business process methodology!

KALLAK:
He's right. It's just… noises. (TO COMMS) Dump the valanxium! This project's a write-off. Expenditure over-budget and zero return.

VANEESH:
But… I've onboarded key learnings from this challenging business environment. (BEAT) Do I still get my bonus?

Scene 84: <u>EXT. GOLF COURSE</u>

(FX: FLASH AS DOCTOR ARRIVES, HITS THE GROUND RUNNING)

MEL:
Doctor!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) No time to explain. I'm just ahead of a literal time bomb!

MEL:
What?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) A chronon energy discharge that'll blow a hole in the eighteenth century! Run!

Scene 85: <u>INT. ATC STATION</u>

YOUNG MEL:
(WEAK, DYING) I did it?

BLUE DOCTOR:
You did it. Forced him into a temporal cul-de-sac. Whichever way he turns, he can't escape.

(FX: HUGE EXPLOSION OUTSIDE)

BLUE DOCTOR:
The valanxium detonation. The circle's complete. With Petherbridge trapped inside.

YOUNG MEL:
The other Doctor?

BLUE DOCTOR:
He's safe. Thank you.

YOUNG MEL:
You… You're different. You're… nice.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(GENTLE MOCK OUTRAGE) Nice? Nice? (BEAT) I suppose that's what experience does for you. And good company.

YOUNG MEL:
I liked his coat…

BLUE DOCTOR:
Then I shall wear it again. For you. I'd have been proud to take you with me, Mel. We'd have had a wonderful future…

YOUNG MEL:
(WHIMPER OF PAIN)

BLUE DOCTOR:
Don't try to move. I've got you.

YOUNG MEL:
The future… I've forgotten what it means… 'Future'? I know 'now'. But what comes after… 'now'?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(GENTLY) Don't worry, I'll explain… 'later'.

YOUNG MEL:
(WEAKENING) Doctor? I can't see… anything. I saw everything before. It's gone. Faded… to… nothing… (BEAT) I- I'm scared… (SHALLOW FINAL BREATH)

BLUE DOCTOR:
(QUIET) Mel? (BEAT) Mel?

(FX: LAYS HER DOWN GENTLY AND STANDS)'Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.'

Oh Mel… I'm so, so sorry.

Scene 86: <u>EXT. OUTSIDE ATC STATION</u>

(FX: MEL AND DOCTOR PICKING THEIR WAY THROUGH RUBBLE)

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Well that thing's never going to pick up The Archers again.

MEL:
Jed blew up the radar dish…

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Oh, the original's perfectly safe in the real 1987. But look what's hidden underneath it.

MEL:
The TARDIS! And another one!

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
The weight of two TARDISes. The gravity well at the centre of things.

BLUE DOCTOR:
(OFF, EMERGING FROM ATC) Yes. I was right. He was using them to anchor this reality.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
So, my future's safe. Where's mini-Mel?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING) Something you wanted to say to her?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
I… misjudged her. I wanted to…

BLUE DOCTOR:
You're too late. She's… gone back to her own timeline. Zipped off with a smile and a wave. Sends her best to you both.

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Come on, Mel A. I still need to drop you off.

BLUE DOCTOR:
When you've done that, you should brush up on your history. There's a lot it can teach you. I'd recommend the faculty at Sheffield Hallam.

MEL:
How do we tell the TARDISes apart?

MOTLEY DOCTOR:
Where's that redoubtable recall, Mel? This one's ours. (FX: OPENING TARDIS DOOR) And as for you… Be you later. (EXITS)

BLUE DOCTOR:
I'm not as young as I was. Thank goodness.

MEL:
How did he know which was his?

BLUE DOCTOR:
He didn't. He guessed. Bravado and bluster can only get you so far… By the time he's me, a few rough edges have been smoothed out.

MEL:
Yes. I remember. Do I have to go with him?

BLUE DOCTOR:
This pocket's about to fade into the vortex. The TARDISes are the only things keeping it stable. You know where you're supposed to be, young lady?

MEL:
Yes.

BLUE DOCTOR:
Then tell him!

MEL:
He won't listen!

BLUE DOCTOR:
If anyone can make him — you can. Goodbye Mel. Or should I say, au revoir?

MEL:
Yes, I think you should. Déjà vu, Doctor. I remember… everything. (WHISPERS) Thank you.

(FX: TARDIS DOOR CLOSES, DEMATERIALISATION, GATHERING TIME WINDS)

BLUE DOCTOR:
There's only one Melanie Bush… (REALISATION) …who remembers everything! Of course! How could I have been so stupid!

(FX: FOLLOW DOCTOR RUNNING INTO ATC, FLINGING DOOR OPEN)

Scene 87: <u>INT. ATC STATION [CONTINUOUS]</u>

(FX: B/G COMPUTERS, DOCTOR RACES IN)

BLUE DOCTOR:
No amount of jazzercise would enable Mel to knock herself out with one punch. It <u>was</u> old Blinovitch after all.

This poor girl's not dead – she's been removed from time. Empty. But full of potential.

(FX: FRANTIC THROUGHOUT, TAPPING KEYS, PRESSING SWITCHES)

She's the same Mel who'll travel in the TARDIS. But she's been stolen from the present… Deleted!

I need to find the right memories from all these alternates to reconstruct the Mel who just left… Only, <u>I</u> can't. I haven't even met you yet. But there's someone… something… who can!

CUT TO:

Scene 88: <u>INT. TARDIS, CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]</u>

(FX: TARDIS B/G HUM. THE DOCTOR BURSTS IN FROM OUTSIDE, CLATTERING DROPPED MACHINERY)

BLUE DOCTOR:
The TARDIS! (FX: WORKING TARDIS CONTROLS) Come on, old girl. You can do this. The ATC's open - in you go…

Build the bravest and the brightest… 'An angel's wit and singular learning'… Make me a Mel for all seasons.

Scene 89: <u>INT. MEL'S HOUSE</u>

(FX: DISTORT, VIA TV)

YOUNG MEL:
(WAKING) What… What was I..? (YAWNS) I can't believe I nodded off!

CHRISTINE:
(CALLING FROM OFF) You're not spending summer asleep on the sofa. Is that what you've learned at that university?

YOUNG MEL:
Coming, mum! (FX: MEOW) Now, how did you get here?

BLUE DOCTOR:
(V/O) Melanie Jane Bush. Born 1964. Computer programmer. Resident of Pease Pottage. And so much more.

(FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION)

BLUE DOCTOR:
I look forward to meeting you. (BEAT) But not… quite… yet.

END